eeble Ladies.
nations, causing you
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women.

Again.
long time with neuralgia
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dicines did her any good.
to use Hop Bitters with
s and feels young again.
. We think there is no
he family."—A LADY, in

ORD, Pa., May 8, 1878.
nesses, such as nervous-
, monthly troubles, etc.
year, since I took Hop
them.
MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

rope that cost me $3.00;
bottle of Hop Bitters;
fifteen years' nervous
dyspepsia.
. M., Auburn, N. Y."

ority.
se, an alcoholic beverage
for use except to persons
al bitters.
. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.

GVILLE, O., May 1, '79.
ten years, and I tried
e me more good than all
Miss S. S. BOONE.

ved!
hat our nursing baby was
rous and protracted con-
the bowels by the use of
which at the same time
lth and strength.—THE

HEALTH OF WOMAN
IS THE HOPE OF
THE RACE.

Health
D. Pinkham

INKHAM'S
COMPOUND.
FEMALE WEAK-
Leucorrhœa, Ir-
al Menstruation,
d Ulceration of
ooding, PRO-
TERI, &c.
dicacious and immediate
in pregnancy, and re-
at regular periods.
RESCRIBE IT FREELY.
of the generative organs
no remedy that has ever
d for all diseases of the
medy in the World.
AINTS of Either Sex
der in Its Use.
's BLOOD PURIFIER
e of Humors from the
gives tone and strength to
results as the Compound.
d Blood Purifier are pre-
ern Avenue, Lynn, Mass.
ice for $5. The Compound
of pills, or of lozenges, on
by either Mrs. Pinkham
of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent
Mention this Paper.
VER PILLS cure Constipa-
ity of the Liver. 25 cents.
Druggists."—G.S. (3)

TESTIMONY
on of—
-WORT."
OR KIDNEY DISEASE,
ALARIA, CONSTIPA-
ES' WEAKNESSES
MATISM.
NEY DISEASE.
d thoroughly praise Kidney-
ey, Williamstown, W. Va.
y disease. My wife had to
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EY DISEASE.
ery," said Mr. N. Burdick,
ngton, Mass., "of severe
ys. Wort
ORK BEFORE.
I was cured by Kidney-
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couldn't work before using
Druggists."
VER TROUBLES.
rites N. Steepy, Alleghany
Wort cured my kidney and
troubles."
T AND DIABETES.
inesse W. H. Thompson, of
Kidney complaints and
entirely cured me."
E WONDERS.
ney-Wort to all the world,"
Medina, Ohio, "IT has done
thers, troubled with kidney

and Rheumatism.
tics that constipation and
rheumatic affections, yield
Philip C. Ballou, M. D.,

EEN YEARS.
cine of priceless value. I
entire years. It cured me."
ton, Vt.
ANENT RELIEF.
ief for gravel," recently wrote
on, Maine, "and it gave me

KIDNEY DISEASE.
twenty years," writes C. P.
"I could scarcely walk and
ly thank God that Kidney-

S for RHEUMATISM.
Providence, a great temporal
n, Ellis, and Evans, Colorado.
Kidney-Wort, and its magi-
cases of rheumatism and

ON THE BENCH.
Jewell, a Judge at Wood-
Wort cured my rheumatism.

LES.
Mr. Wm. H. Chadwick
ks promptly and effectually
kidney troubles. It's a most

ROUBLES.
my three years' peculiar
menses, of late La Motte,
It cured me, and many of

RTY YEARS.
troubles over thirty years,"
La Fiat, Oregon. "Nothing
. It will effect a permanent

Wife's Troubles.
d prescriptions by myself (a
other doctors, only palliated
's standing, inflammation of
however, cured her." These
of Dr. G. M. Summerlin, of
Ga.
NSTIPATION.
e for thirty years," writes
ankfort, N. Y., near Utica.
all my ills and CURED my

STWO SERVANTS.
do my housework for many
Mrs. M. F. Morse, of Hyde
urprised all my friend by dis-
doing their work. Kidney-
of her, and I'm strong."

5-TON
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E PLATFORM.
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TON, N.H.

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SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MIRROR.

Upon this old and rusty nail
I've hung for many years;
Ah, me! but I could tell a tale
Of pleasure—yes, and tears.
How many a beaming countenance
That in the days gone by
Gave me the quick, admiring glance
Now in the churchyard lie!

Wrinkles have grown on faces fair,
Bright eyes their luster lost,
And on the fair heads of glossy hair
Has fallen age's frost;
The manly form erect and proud,
Has lost its stately grace,
And gray with years and sorrow bowed
Now shuns my truthful face.

The lad who shaved his downy lip
By my reflected aid,
And made so many a cruel slip
With keen-edged razor blade,
Now hath a son, who, now and then,
With comical grimace,
Sees well the ways of older men
And scrapes his beardless face.

A maiden lady, old and spare,
Who mourns her lonely state,
Comes here and combs her scanty hair
In style long out of date;
Then, with affected unconcern,
She daubs her cheek with red,
In hopes that she may some day turn
Some single codger's head.

Two lovers came to-day and gazed
Together in my face—
He with enthusiasm praised
The beauty of her face;
Clasped in each other's loving arms
Quite long they gazed in me—
John looked at Mary's buxom charms,
And Mary—so did she!

There! Bobbie with his dreadful ball,
Has ended me, I know!
My frame hangs empty on the wall.
My fragments lie below.
Ah, well, 'twould do but little good
My feelings to express—
The stony glances I'd withstood
Had weakened me, I guess.
—*Parmenas Mix.*

"PERSEVERANCE."

Just at the instant of sunset the light broke through the leaden masses of cloud like a belt of brass, red, threatening, yet most welcome. For there, darkly outlined against the sullen glen, stood a little cabin, with its thread-like wreath of smoke curling upward, and an old fisherman sitting mending his nets on a bench beside the door.

And Mr. Cheston, who had been wandering hopelessly among the marshes for some time, with a lively sense of the inconvenience of getting lost in those saline deserts, stood and stared at it as if it were a will-o'-the-wisp.

"I'm sure it couldn't have been there five minutes ago," he pondered within himself.

"Evenin', stranger!" said old Zadoc Peck. "Been a shootin', eh?"

"I've lost my way," said Cheston, plunging through the tall reeds, until at last he gained a secure footing by the cabin door.

"Well, I thought likely," commented Zadoc. "Ain't many folks come here a purpose."

"Could I obtain a night's lodging and some supper?" hinted our weary sportsman.

"I guess so," serenely answered Mr. Peck, "if you don't mind sleepin' up garret. As for supper, Perseverance has gone out to dig clams for us. Like baked clams, eh?"

"His son," thought the major. "What a quaint couple they must be."

But he sat down in the red light and looked at the morning-glory vines trained to the window, the busy fingers of the old man, the murmuring wilderness of reeds and rushes beyond.

"That's right," said Zadoc. "Set down and take it easy. Perseverance will be back pretty quick with the clams, and then you'll get some good hot supper. Perseverance is a master hand to cook."

"Perseverance" came presently, but to Major Cheston's infinite surprise she was no lubberly boy nor half-civilized young man, but a tall, blooming maiden of sixteen, with jetty hair floating down her back, large dark eyes, long lashed and almond-shaped, and cheeks like roses. Her short, gypsy-like skirts revealed shapely brown feet, yet bearing the impress of the wet sands where she had waded out to dig clams, and on one arm she carried a basket of clams whose weight would have been no trifle even to the stalwart muscles of this major of cavalry.

She was not at all embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, but came frankly up to him, setting down her basket to examine the contents of his game-bag.

"You've had poor luck, stranger, haven't you?" she said, pityingly. "I could ha' done better myself on them marshes at this time o' year."

"Perseverance is a first-rate shot," chuckled the old man. "Go now, girl, and cook us some supper."

The roast clams, coffee and corn bread were most palatable, and after supper Major Cheston gave Perseverance a newspaper from his pocket.

"It is this morning's," said he. "Would you like to see it?"

But she motioned it away.

"I can't read," said she, indifferently.

"You cannot read!" echoed the amazed major. "Why, how old are you?"

"Sixteen," Perseverance answered, reddening.

"My sister Kate is only sixteen," said Major Cheston, speaking without due reflection, "and she reads and writes four different languages, plays the piano and guitar, draws and paints, and—"

"Pshaw!" said Perseverance, arching her slender neck. "Can she shoot black duck and curlews?"

"That is hardly one of the accomplishments prescribed for young ladies," said the major, smiling.

"Can she swim?"

"No, but—"

"Can she clip a blue heron on the wing? or get in a haul of bluefish when the tide is strong and the wind due east? or fight a shark, hand to hand, with only a marlin-spike for a weapon?"

And once again Major Cheston was compelled to answer in the negative.

"Well," said Perseverance, complacently, "I can!"

And she rose and went out of the room, and Major Cheston saw no more of her that night.

"She isn't offended, is she?" he asked of old Zadoc Peck, who was smoking a pipe and staring hard at the fire all the while.

"Offended? Our Perseverance offended?" echoed the old man. "You don't know her, stranger!"

"But, really," hazarded Cheston, "it is scarcely right to bring up a girl like that in such total ignorance, now is it?"

"Well, we haven't no schools nor academies hereabouts," said the old man. "And if we had, Perseverance wouldn't go to 'em. I don't see but what she gets along first-rate!"

And Major Cheston wasted no more time in argument.

He slept well and soundly that night under the sloping roof of the little garret, through whose shrunk boards the quiet stars peeped down at him, and at daybreak he went down upon the shore.

The reeds were all effaced now—the tide was coming in with a rush and a roar, and an occasional flying shower of spray. The fresh wind took off his hat, and whirled it into the water. He made an involuntary plunge after it, lost his footing on the slippery sands, and the next instant he was struggling for dear life with the surf, dragged constantly down, and still further out to sea by the treacherous undertow. In a last effort to regain himself, he struck his head against a jagged point of stone and knew nothing more.

* * * * * *

"You needn't thank me, stranger," said old Zadoc Peck, as he stood over the recovering patient, with hot towels. "I didn't know a thing about it till she ran up, as white and breathless as a snow flurry, to get me to help you in. She had swum out to sea and dragged you back to land herself! She's a brave girl, is Perseverance, and there's nothing she can't do if once she sets herself about it."

Major Cheston thanked his young rescuer earnestly; but nothing would induce her to take the gold he offered her.

"It must be a poor creature that wants reward for saving a man's life," said she, with a short laugh.

And Cheston desisted.

"The girl is too pretty," he said to himself. "No one but the hero of a third-class romance ever marries a half-civilized young savage, because she has dark eyes and hair growing low on her forehead. I must get away from this place—and I must keep away!"

Physically this was an easy thing to do; but mentally—what is there but the wild winds of heaven so uncontrollable as a man's thoughts?

At the end of a year he came back from Switzerland and went straight to the Long Island marshes.

"I must see her," he said to himself. "I must tell her that I love her. I must ask her to be my wife."

When the train reached Nineveh, the nearest station, a tall, beautiful girl, in a cashmere dress, sparkling with jet, and a saucy black hat, came to him, holding out her hand.

"You are Major Cheston?" said she.

"And you," he answered, "are Perseverance Peck?"

She smiled and nodded. How beautiful she had grown!

"I was going out to the old house," he said.

"I do not live there any more," said Perseverance. "Father's dead, and I'm being educated. You see," she added, "that your words, hard and cruel as I then thought them, were not without their effect. I am staying with some friends, and I share the advantage of their governess. And Mr. Russell thinks I am not a stupid scholar."

"Russell!"

That name was very familiar to him.

"At Castle Point, a little way down the island," explained Perseverance. "They know you very well. Hugh Russell and I often talk about you."

Hugh Russell! A dagger thrust of jealousy went through Major Cheston's heart. Hugh Russell, whom he remembered such a handsome, daring young fellow? Was he, then, too late in his decision? Had some other hand gathered this exquisite wild flower?

And then, with the innocent hypocrisy of lovehood, he vowed that he had intended all along to visit the Russells, and accompanied Perseverance thither at once.

"Yes," said placid Mrs. Russell. "Is she not beautiful? She used to come to my Sunday-school class last summer, at the little Sandy Point chapel, and when her poor old father died I took her to stay with me. And we are all so attached to her, and she is so lovely and winning. Quite like my own daughter."

Late that evening Major Cheston went out on the stone-paved terrace, where Perseverance was sitting on the rail, looking up at the million golden stars which spangled the violet sky. She welcomed him with her quiet, self-possessed smile.

"Perseverance," he said, "you are seventeen years old, now?"

"Yes," she assented, "I am seventeen years old."

"Almost a woman," said he.

"Quite a woman," she responded. "Oh, it seems as if I had grown so many, many years older since poor father died!"

"Has any one spoken to you of—love?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she answered, with gravity. "But they will—sometime?"

"I suppose so," said Perseverance.

Evidently there was nothing of the coquette about her.

"Would you be very much surprised, Perseverance, if I were to tell you that I loved you?"

She started and colored to the very roots of her hair.

"Surprised?" she repeated. "Yes—oh, yes! For you despised me in those days."

"Never!" he cried.

"Or at least I fancied so," she faltered.

"But I love you now, Perseverance—sweetest, precious treasure of my soul!" he went on, reading some dim encouragement in the downcast eyes, the red, quivering mouth. "I will not let you go until you promise to be my wife. You have saved my life once and it is in your power to save it from further shipwreck now."

Hugh Russell had spoken the same words of love in her ear two hours before and she had run away from him, half angry and wholly frightened. But this—this was different.

"Will you promise me, Perseverance?" he gently reiterated.

"Yes," she answered.

And that was the way in which Major Cheston, whose heart had been so long regarded by his lady friends as an invulnerable fortress, won the beautiful young wife who was as unlike the other belles of society as is the tropical blossom of the scarlet pomegranate to the commonplace red roses of the garden border.

It was a strange meeting, a still stranger wooing, but a most happy marriage. And perhaps this is the most satisfactory record that any love affair can leave.

Indian Treatment of Captives.

The five Mexican women and one child recaptured from the Apaches by General Crook were surprised by a band of Apaches under the personal command of Geronimo, about the 10th of May. The Indians, with their captives, traveled incessantly the remainder of the day and all night. They calculated that the next morning after their capture they were at least one hundred miles distant, though they cannot tell in what direction. For three days they were without water, but after that it was found in abundance. The country through which they passed was wild beyond description. At times they were compelled to crawl upon all fours. Their thirst for the first three days nearly drove them crazy, and the Indians would whip and lash them up, and compel them to travel. Toward the last of their captivity their food commenced giving out, and they were put upon rations, a small piece of raw beef being all that was given them. This had to be divided among the six. Mrs. Antonia Hernandez all this time carried her little child in her arms. The Indian children took great pleasure in tormenting him, pinching him, and jabbing sharpened sticks into his sides, giving him great pain. When they remonstrated, Geronimo or his men only laughed at her misery. The last two days of their captivity they had no food at all. There was snow on the mountains. The cold was intense, and the women suffered greatly, almost freezing. The Indians never remained quiet in one spot a day, but were continually moving. They traveled nearly 100 miles a day, going in every direction, but tending generally nearly westward. The captives were abused and maltreated in every possible manner. They were made to work heavily whenever camp was made, and were a general object of abuse and ridicule. The Indians would take up Mrs. Hernandez' little boy, threaten to kill him, and would throw stones at him, to the great mental anguish of his mother. One of the women was sent as a hostage of some sort to Chihuahua to make peace. The exposure to cold, thirst, famine and exhaustion from travel and fear of torture was having an effect on the poor women. The first thing they knew they were hustled one day further into the mountains. The next day a brother of Chief Chatte delivered them up to General Crook. As one of them expressed herself when she saw General Crook and the soldiers: "It seemed as if the sky opened and Heaven appeared."—*San Francisco Morning Call.*

Singular Practice.

A Simla (Hindostan) correspondent writes: I do not think I have ever told you of a most singular and curious practice which obtains among the villagers at Annandale. There is a stream of water which perpetually flows down from the hillside, and which serves to keep the gardens well watered. The water, when once it reaches the level of Annandale, is carried to a small reservoir by means of long, narrow troughs. Beneath these troughs you may any day see a tiny little infant lying flat on its back, so as to admit of the rill of water flowing gently on its head. The little creature, after being subjected to this strange process for a few minutes, falls fast asleep and remains so for about an hour. If you were to ask the mother of the child why she treats it in this manner she will tell you with an innocence and earnestness that is not without its attractions that it is good for the child, and that it is calculated to impart health and vigor to the constitution. I should fancy just the contrary, but there is no doubt that natives have great faith in the practice, and still persevere in it.

Tamatave.

The special correspondent of the London *Standard* writes that Tamatave, the principal port of Madagascar, has no harbor, but within a coral reef is a smooth anchorage. The forest comes down to the shore and the houses of the little town are almost concealed by the wealth of tropical vegetation. The huts are built of bamboos, palm leaves and the staves of rum casks, and in every hut there is a cask of rum on tap. The governor lives in the fort, which is circular, about 150 yards in diameter, protected by earthworks and masonry and capable of resisting a considerable attack but not of retaliation. The queen has at her command, it is stated, 6,000 well-disciplined troops. The troops which Mr. Cameron saw were all tall, lithesome men, of the usual Hova-Malay type, with high cheekbones and long, lanky hair. There is also a large body of spearsmen. Mr. Cameron's description of the artillery he saw at Tamatave only serves to raise a smile; but the Hovas possess, in his belief, some 5,000 Sniders and from 10,000 to 15,000 American Remington rifles.

A New York photographer says that babies are among their best customers, because a baby changes so much every few months. Months! What kind of babies do they have in Gotham? Hereaway a baby that couldn't change twenty thousand times during the taking of one picture wouldn't be considered worthy of the name.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE BAD BOY AND HIS GIRL.

HE TAKES HER ON AN EXCURSION TO THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

After Numerous Adventures They Return in a Dilapidated Condition—Meeting With a Warm Reception from Her Pa.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy as he came in the store all broke up the morning after the 4th of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice-box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of firecrackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where that cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of firecrackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in tea. Now you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the 4th of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up now, was you asleep all the forenoon, the 4th, while other boys were celebrating, or did you scorch my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty of sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him some time. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'caus he knew I ought to have mauled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night makes five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so that he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the 4th, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the 4th of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the sawdust off some bottles of peppersauce that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No,—not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of firecrackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home, she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the 4th of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldiers' Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably, was to get out real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree, to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked me what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat, and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off, her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree, to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol-pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of firecrackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she was. Her dress was one of these mosquito bar, cheese-cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her put out, my coat-tail and trousers were a total loss. Say, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fireman that had fell through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home and I took her home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are awful thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fireworks, and that he could bring in a bill against the government, and I showed him how I was bereaved of a coat-tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was a pile-driver sure, and when I got over the fence and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and I sat up with him, cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick room and maul a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence, I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious Fourth of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or re tail my coat? Hereafter I am a rebel."—*Milwaukee Sun.*

FASHION NOTES.

In fancy low-cut shoes and slippers a deep dark red is the prevailing color

Softness is a prominent characteristic of the summer silks and woolen goods.

Plaid silks worn under plain fabric polonaises and overdresses are in high favor.

The darts of the corsage are now made short to give the figure an easy grace.

Rose, pink and brown constitute a fashionable combination of colors at present.

Leather buckles appear among new ornaments for hats, bonnets and dresses.

Large neckerchiefs with polka dots will be much worn by young ladies this summer.

Black velvet necklets are worn high about the throat and fastened by diamond studs.

Ribbon work is used by the ladies in fancy work a great deal this summer on satin and plush.

A novel way of using small fancy brooches is to pin the lace on the parasol with them.

Four bridemaids at a recent English wedding carried large hand bouquets of daffodils.

Black and white bonnets are exceedingly stylish and are to be seen in all the leading millinery shops.

Invitations to a recent children's party had a Punch and Judy at the top and on the other side a dish of bonbons.

A skirt covered with lace frills is coming to be regarded almost as essential in a summer outfit as a black silk dress.

A novelty in lace is the pompadour pattern—a darned net, with a fine pearled edge and a raised figure in silk muslin.

Belts are worn quite narrow. They are fastened with showy buckles of oxidized silver, cut steel or stamped leather.

Lady Pagent says that a woman with a big nose ought to wear much hair at the back of the head so as to re-establish the balance.

Among the Viennese ladies fencing has become the fashion, following the lead of the empress of Austria, who is partial to the exercise.

Summer hats grow more picturesque. They are turned up on one side and down on the other, with long drooping feathers that lie over the brim and rest upon the hair. The English split straw are chosen for these, and chip hats are not now used.

A beautiful new trimming is cream-embroidered net with rows of graduated pines in gold. It is arranged as flowers over cream satin skirts and as an edging for the skirt drapery of creamy India muslin. The satin bodice has frills of it in the neck, bust and sleeves.

Long Spanish lace scarfs with fine silk meshes and hand-run figures, both in black and white, are frequently seen drawn down the front of the basque, then carried off on each side to form panniers and finished off with loops and ends behind. This is a pretty way of utilizing the scarfs that are not now fashionably worn around the neck.

A Palace of Delight.

An English paper says: On the Herreninsel, in the Chiemissee, at the entrance to the Bavarian Tyrol, the king of Bavaria has been for the last six years building a palace-villa, which rumor says will surpass in splendor, comfort, elegance, and almost in artistic perfection, all other royal residences in the world. The main building has been some time completed, including the great banqueting-room, (which is thirty feet longer than that at Versailles), the reception-hall and the state apartments. But additional buildings are being erected, the ornamental grounds are being enlarged or rearranged continually, the system of water supply is being improved or extended—so that it would be impossible to estimate when the work will be judged to be fully completed. Five hundred workmen are constantly employed from the beginning of spring far into the autumn. The principal building has been completely furnished. The resources of art has been taxed to the utmost, the very door-handles and window-fastenings being of exquisite design and workmanship. There is an abundance of beautiful wood-carving. And if the walls are not clothed with paintings like those in the Doge's palace at Venice, they are lined with most beautiful and costly marbles. The palace is not visible from any of the neighboring roads or places accessible to the ordinary traveler, the site having been chosen so as to secure complete privacy. It is a pity it was not built on the ruins of the adjacent old monastery, whence it would have commanded a complete view of a glorious landscape.

THE DEADLY SCREW WORM.

A CATTLE PEST WHICH ATTACKS HUMAN BEINGS.

How the Terrible Insect Burrows Into the Flesh of Men and Cattle—A Man's Terrible Death in Kansas.

Frank Wilkeson, in a letter from the far West to the New York *Sun*, says: On the plains of Texas, where countless half wild cattle feed, and where the air is dry and pure, lives an insect known as the screw-worm fly. It is small and active. This fly is the terror of the Texas cattle. The long-horned brutes are quarrelsome. The males fight savagely, sometimes to the death. The females are far from being peaceful animals. A fight between hot-blooded Texas cattle generally terminates in one of the animals being severely wounded. As the smell of the blood drifts down the winds, which ceaselessly blow on the plains, it attracts the screw flies, and they course through the air, eagerly following the trail, anxious to deposit their eggs in the wound. These flies do not alight in depositing their eggs, but as they fly rapidly and closely to the injured animal, which evinces the utmost terror when the buzz of doom fills the air, they drop a gelatinous substance which adheres to the wound. The eggs, to the number of hundreds, are contained in this substance. It is said by the Texas cattle breeders that the eggs hatch in twenty-four hours. Promptly on hatching the worms burrow into the flesh of the living animals. More flies deposit eggs. More screw worms are hatched. They also burrow into the flesh. A succession of crops of screw worms follows rapidly, and the unfortunate animal is devoured alive, as they honeycomb the flesh. The cattle, unable to endure the pain, become crazy and roam the prairies, dangerous members of bovine society, until death lays his kind hand on them. I have been informed by the cattle breeders who graze their stock on the staked plains that the animals seem to realize the danger they are in when wounded, and have been known to seek safety in flight; but that the flies follow the scent in the air as hounds follow a fox, and the wounded animals are generally overtaken.

The screw worm is a little over half an inch long. It is corrugated and exceedingly hard. When put under the point of a knife and pressed upon the worm slips from under the steel and flies through the air as though made of rubber. Imagine a white half-inch screw having a pointed black head instead of the usual slotted one. That is a fair representation of the screw worm.

For years Texas cattle have been driven to Kansas to feed on the grasses of the plains lying in the arid belt. For years they have been driven to the northern portion of the Indian Territory to graze on the untaxed ranges of that great grazing land. Until last year there was no trouble in Kansas from screw worms. The stories told by Texas drivers of the suffering of cattle on the southern ranges made but little impression on the men of Kansas. That these flies would ever follow the Texas cattle up the trails to the comparatively northern country of Kansas, was unsuspected by the most gloomy-minded people. Even if suspected, they never, in the most appalling flights of their dark imaginations, thought that the flies would change their habits, and select the nostrils of human beings to deposit their eggs in, but such is the case.

It is probable that the long-continued southwest winds of last summer wafted the flies from the vicinity of the herds feeding south of Dodge City into the more thickly settled portions of Kansas. At any rate, the mature flies were far east of the "dead line," and far north of the Arkansas river during a portion of last summer. Several persons were attacked by screw worms. One of the cases that terminated fatally was fully reported in the *Kansas and Missouri Valley Medical Index*. It is worthy of note. The patient had long suffered from ozena. On the evening of August 22, 1882, this man complained of a tickling sensation at the base of the nose, that was promptly followed by exhaustive sneezing. This in its turn was followed by intense pain in the region of the eyes and cheeks. The physician in attendance mistakingly supposed that the pain was the result of ozena. The discharge from the nostrils was purulent and tinged with blood, and exceedingly offensive. The breath of the patient was revolting. It may be that his condition was so exceedingly offensive that the attending physician did not make an examination that would have revealed the presence of the disturbing cause. For two days the man suffered intense pain. All remedies administered failed to give relief. On the evening of the 24th of August there was a sudden and profuse discharge from the nostrils and the mouth. Instantly all pain ceased. There was no longer any involuntary discharge. The pus was with difficulty expectorated. The soft palate had been destroyed, and the tongue could no longer be used in speech. When this stage of the disease had been reached, a screw worm, much to the astonishment of the attending physician, fell from the mouth of the dying man. One after another, in obedience to the laws of their nature, full-grown screw worms wriggled from his nostrils and mouth until 360 of them crawled from the honeycombed head and throat. The man died. An examination showed that the fleshy part of the interior of his head had been almost devoured. By throwing back the head and depressing the swollen tongue, the vertebræ were exposed to view.

The second case occurred at Salina, Kansas. On the 23d of August Dr. R. E. Switzer, of that town, was called to attend a woman suffering from a severe pain across the bridge of the nose. This pain shot in throbs into the cheeks, and much resembled an attack of tic douloureux. After a careful examination of the case the doctor was unable to explain the cause of the pain. Again he examined the patient. In the left nostril he saw a small corrugated ball that was apparently revolving slowly. This ball resembled a tiny walnut. The doctor saw an occasional pointed black head protrude from the writhing mass. Promptly he administered chloroform to the woman. With the aid of a forceps he removed sixty-five worms. From the time of the discovery of the worms until the last was removed two days passed. In this short time, though the worms were sluggish from the effects of the chloroform, they had sufficient vigor to destroy the partition of the nose. This woman fully recovered. Several other cases occurred in Kansas last year.

As far as I can learn all the people who were attacked had catarrh, a disease very prevalent on the wind-swept plains west of the Missouri river. It is highly probable that the fully developed flies, when moving through the air in search of places to deposit their eggs, struck a catarrhal trail, followed it to its source, and deposited their eggs in the nostrils of the unfortunates while they slept. They might easily drop their eggs into the nostrils of persons lying down, even if they were awake.

Physicians are awaiting the developments this summer with great interest. The sensitiveness of the mucous membrane narrowly limits the remedies that can safely be applied. Carbolic acid, if weakened sufficiently to be used without injuring the membrane, has no effect on the hard, corrugated worms. Kerosene oil has proved effectual. It instantly kills the worms. This oil will kill any insect. If the worms, through the ignorance of the physicians, are allowed to remain undisturbed for several days, it is exceedingly doubtful if any remedy can reach them. It may be that an enormously strong man could endure the pain and could rally from the exhaustion following intense physical suffering until the worms feeding on his flesh arrived at perfect maturity and crawled from their burrows to screw themselves into the ground, from which they emerge as flies in about ten days. I doubt, however, if any man living has sufficient vitality to live through an attack by screw worms.

A Natural Sea-Wall.

Along the New Hampshire seacoast, in the towns of Rye and North Hampton, stretches a curious and massive formation, which at first sight appears as if built at enormous expenditure of time and labor. On closer examination, however, it proves to be be only one of Ocean's eccentric freaks, executed in this case with almost human intelligence and care.

A sea-wall, compactly formed of water-worn pebbles of all sizes, shapes and materials, runs along the beach for about six miles, here and there broken by rocky points and little inlets, somewhat modified by its situation, but preserving with astonishing regularity several remarkable features. In places it is so high and wide that one can hardly believe it anything but a carefully constructed dike, designed to shelter the adjoining fields. Along part of its extent, where it separates the ocean from an extensive salt-marsh, it is utilized by the farmers of the neighborhood for a cart-road. Along another stretch, a plank-walk surmounts it for half a mile.

It first appears in the form of a low wall composed of three terraces, near Little Boar's Head, in the town of North Hampton, thirty rods south of the slight projection known on the charts as Fox Hill Point. This portion of the wall is only about twenty rods in length, and seems much like a stone facing to the steep beach ward slope. Some forty rods north of the point it reappears, this time in the form of a large and compact dike, and extends along the water-line in a crescent form for at least fifty rods, terminating at a small cove directly east of the well-known Farragut house. This section of the wall is by far the most symmetrical and characteristic, and is the one selected for a more detailed examination and description. Beyond this point the wall runs with occasional breaks to its northern terminus without presenting any novel features.—*Louis Bell, in Popular Science Monthly.*

"You Are a Liar."

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. One day we were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know any thing about the ravenous nature of them potater bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potater bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potaters right out of the oven. Waiting around the potater patch for the second crop!" exclaimed Old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes, I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potater bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potaters for next year. I did, by gosh!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer and not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank, he exclaimed:

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand, he inquired with a puzzled look:

"When did you get acquainted with me?"

Winnings of Great Trotters.

Goldsmith Maid captured 121 races, and won for her owner $364,200 during her trotting career. The actual profit she brought to her owner is said to foot up $246,750. American Girl won forty-nine races, gathering $118,100 for her owners, Rarus won sixty-three races, winning $114,950. Judge Fullerton won thirty-two races before his winnings amounted to $102,035. Flora Temple won $90,000 in eighty-six races. Hopeful, $89,000 in forty-nine races, and Lady Thorne $79,575 in forty-one races. But the millions of dollars lost on horses not quite as fast as the above is seldom thought of or considered by those who imagine that there is a great deal of money to be made in

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1883.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.

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The PRESS entered its thirty-first (31st) volun e on January 1st, 1883.

Now is th time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

—We are requested by Jno. T. Patrick, Immigration Agent for North Carolina, P. O. address, Wadesboro, N. C., to say that all persons desiring to secure white farm laborers or demestics by the latter part of this year or the first of next, must communicate with him during the next sixty days, as it takes some time to arrange for the class of persons he is inducing to come to the State. He thinks arrangements have been perfected whereby all orders sent him within the time stated can be filled.

—The Kimball house, at Atlanta, was burned to the ground a few days since. No lives lost. It was considered the largest hotel in the South. Cost $600,000. Furniture, $125,000. Only $80,000 insurance.

—An election was held in Kentucky on Monday, 6th; the Democrats swept the State. Proctor Knott was elected Governor by about 50,000 majority. The Legislature will be composed of 80 Democrats and 20 Republicans.

The New York *World* says: The story of treachery, falsehood, cant, hypocrisy and ingratitude exposed by ex-Senator Dorsey—himself a frank, fearless, plucky man—is revolting enough. But how Garfield and Foster cheated John Sherman, and how the stalwarts were deceived; how ex-Postmaster-General James played double, and how Garfield's brief career as President was foul with unclean intrigues, are matters of concern only to the politicians.

What interests the public is the evidence supplied by the ex-Secretary of the Republican National Committee of the use of money as a corrupting power in the election of a President of the United States, in the formation of a Cabinet and in appointments to the Supreme Court bench.

Mr. Dorsey reiterates what he has before asserted, that $400,000 was spent to purchase the vote of Indiana in 1880; that "a big campaign fund" was the instrumentality by which New York was secured by the Republicans; that the position of Secretary of the Treasury was sold in advance to Levi P. Morton, Chairman of the campaign Finance Committee and personally a heavy subscriber, although he was afterwards put off with the French mission; and that $100,000 was contributed by "two of the greatest monopolists in New York, Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington," in consideration of a pledge that "Stanley Matthews should go at the earliest opportunity on the Supreme Court bench."

What a record does this make up for the Republican party! A President elected by the power of money. Cabinet offices sold in advance to a millionaire banker who subscribed to and raised the corruption fund. A seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States bartered away to monopolists vitally interested in suits before the court, for $100,000.

—Another revolution is threatened in Mexico. In the language of the *New York World*, we would like to hear a few items of pleasant news from the "sister Republic." It is not pleasant to hear that Cortina, whom we supposed suppressed, has reappeared with all his armor on and ready for the fray. It is not pleasant to hear that there is going to be a big revolution in Northen Mexico before the year is out. It is not pleasant to hear the Mexican opposition denouncing Diaz as a schemer for annexation. It is not pleasant to read insufficient explanations of the assault on the American acting Consul at Montery. It is not pleasant to read that Spain is about to withdraw from diplomatic connection. It is not pleasant to read of yellow fever, cholera and typhus.

Mutilated Coin.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—There is a general complaint from all parts of the country against the increase of worn and mutilated coin which now circulate in business circles. It is said that there is more defective coin circulating in the United States than in any other country in the world. England, France and other foreign powers appropriate annually a certain sum for the preservation of their circulating medium. As soon as a piece of coin becomes disfigured or worn to a certain extent it is replaced by a new coin, thus keeping in circulation only money that is in good condition. It is probable that the director of the United States mints will in his coming annual report to the Secretary of the Treasury recommend a plan for clearing the circulating medium of defective and worn coin, with as little friction and loss to the holder as possible. Owing to the large amount of defective coin in circulation it would require a large appropriation the first year to redeem it or replace it, but officials of the Treasury department state that it would not cost our Government more than $15,000 or $20,000 a year to keep our coin in first class condition.

FORSYTH COUNTY FAIR.

By way of letting persons know what to expect from Mr. W. P. Hazard who will lecture at the Forsyth County Fair, August 30th and 31st, we take several extracts from Northern papers:

"Mr. Hazard, who was introduced by President Paine (at the Woodstock Farmer's Club, Connecticut), was secretary of the Pennsylvania Guenon Commission, and is Lecturing upon agriculture at the Delaware State College, and an author of considerable repute, mostly upon subjects pertaining to cattle, and at once impressed the audience that he thoroughly understood his subject: The selection of milch stock chiefly by means of the Guenon system.

Charts hanging upon the walls aided the lecturer in conveying his ideas to the audience. As a brief synopsis even of the lecture would be too long for these columns, we can only regret that *every farmer* in Windham county was not present to hear it."—*Putnam (Conn.,) Patriot, April 14th, 1882.*

"One of the attractions of the coming Fair of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, will be the address on the Guenon system of judging cattle. Willis P. Hazard, Esq., of West Chester, Pa., will deliver this address. Mr. Hazard, by long and careful study of the subject, and by close and patient observation, has qualified himself to speak with authority. He has paid particular attention to the Jersey race of cattle, and has visited the Channel Islands for the purpose of selecting animals for importation to this country.

For years Mr. Hazard has been impressed with the importance of the Guenon system of judging milking qualities by the escutcheon or milch mirror. This system was discovered by Francis Guenon, who was born in France in 1796. As early as 1822 he had mastered the method but he did not make it known to the public until about 1837. Guenon's discovery consisted in noting the connection between the milking qualities of cows and the patch of upward growing hair on the back of the udder and adjacent parts. At first this connection was merely observed. No good reason was known by Guenon for the fact that a cow with a large and well-formed escutcheon would give more milk and give it longer, than a cow with a small and broken escutcheon. He observed the fact, modern anatomical study suggests the explanation. The direction of the growth of hair is supposed to be determined by the direction of the flow of blood in the arteries which nourish it. The arteries which supply the milk secreting glands, also by innumerable ramifications, supply the skin over a portion of the surface of the udder and the adjacent parts. The larger these secreting glands the larger will be the flow of milk, and larger will be the patch of skin over which the ramifications of the arteries extend. The extent of this patch is shown by the direction of the hair. Guenon received gold medals from French agricultural Societies and a pension from the French government for his discovery, and from that time to the present the escutcheon has been recognized by those who have studied the subject to be a valuable aid in judging a cow's milking qualities.

In 1878 the State Board of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, appointed a commission to investigate and report upon the Guenon system W. P. Hazard was Secretary of that Commission. He prepared the report. The Commission examined 200 cows, heifers and bulls, and no one can read the results of the examinations without becoming convinced of the value of the method."—*Providence (R. I.,) Journal, Aug. 23rd 1883.*

Ashes vs. Vegetable Matter.

A suggestive lesson may be derived from the following simple experiment: Upon one acre of land a farmer plowed in a quantity of corn stalks, while upon another acre he spread the ashes resulting from the burning of an equal quantity of stalks. That upon which the stalks were burned gave the best start, but the acre upon which the stalks were plowed in soon caught up and surpassed the former, and finally matured the better crop. This experiment illustrates the difference between mineral fertilizers and decayed vegetable matter or humus. The minerals, being in a soluble condition, soon made themselves manifest in the increased growth produced. At first the buried cornstalks had no effect upon vegetation except by increasing the porosity of the soil and by admitting larger supplies of atmospheric air to act upon the constituents of the soil. When the stalks commenced to decay, and the minerals were not only liberated from the stalks but also from the soil in contact, then the corn which was planted upon the stalks began to pull ahead of that planted upon the plot fertilized with ashes. The value and efficiency of the ashes would be sooner exhausted than the vegetable matter of the stalks. Again, where the stalks were used the fertility of the soil would be increased, because in all probability the nitrogen contained in the stalks would remain intact until liberated by their decay. This substance would be in the form of ammonia and its compounds, that would be again decomposed before becoming plant food. In burning stalks, although all the minerals would be preserved in the ashes yet it is quite certain that the nitrogen would be thereby expelled thus robbing the plants of the fertilizing properties of that valuable agent. We should have made such experiments before establishing a theory, yet these suggestions might easily be followed out on other farms and by other farmers.—*American Cultivator.*

—The Kaw Indians, of Indian Territory, have dwindled from 10,000 in 1870 to about 300. The tribe was noted for the physical power and war-like disposition of the men, but the small pox and other malignant diseases have nearly blotted it out of existence.

Immigration.

In all parts of North Carolina, says the Rocky Mount *Reporter*, can be heard something of immigration. The people are about to become convinced that a grand change in farming must be made, and under the power of such conclusions they will not forget that our State stands second to none in the glorious South in both climate and soil. We could, by proper management, develop our resources to the great gratification of our sister States. The requisite means are not foreign to us, only a little consideration with true interest and time is necessary to explore the vast wealth of North Carolina The history of our State pleases the most profound reader and thinker, for nothing profitable would be straining to her, but would only allow the people to see what they have read in history. We have more different kinds of wood than any State in the Union, our capacities for manufacturing are well to the front, our soil can produce almost anything from wheat to oranges; in fact there can be nothing mentioned which is profitable that cannot be raised in North Carolina. Now what must be done to meet all these resources? We only answer that the movement now in case is required for such.

Mr. Patrick is working in good faith, and we should lend our aid to him. The minds of immigrants are upon North Carolina, so it would be no tedious task to have them among us. The farmers of our section would do well to consider the immigration question; they are thoroughly acquanted with the modus operandi on the lands which they possess, and we have no doubt but they will agree to alter the plans of farming which they have adopted in the last fifteen years. — *Wadesboro Intelligencer.*

American Wheat.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington has been making a tabulation from available statistics relative to the average amount of wheat consumed for food in the United States during the past five years, together with the average amount required for seed and the average exports during that time. The figures show the average home consumption to have been 244,149,786 bushels per annum, and the amount required for seed 50,800,060 bushels, while the exports averaged 145,274,678 bushels, making the total average consumption of American wheat during that period 429,214,529 bushels.

The statistics for 1882 show that the total crop was about 504,000,000 bushels, of whibh 246,000,000 were consumed at home, upwards of 51,000,000 used for seed and 153,000,000 exported, leaving on hand a surplus of nearly 54,000,000 to make up deficiences, if there be any, in the present year's crop. The department's estimates for the present year place the crop at about 435,000,000 bushels, which is a trifle over the average consumption of the past five years, although not equal to last year's consumption by 16,000,000. The year's production, however, taken in connection with the fifty millions surplus carried over from last year, will amply suffice for all home requirements and an export demand as great as we have ever been called upon to fill in any one year.

Act at Once.

The time is drawing very near for the opening of the Boston Exposition, at which North Carolina will have the handsomest and most complete exhibit of any of the States in the Union. This exhibit is made so as to draw capital and labor to our State, which every one admits is needed very much. The State authorities, that is, the Department of Agriculture, is doing its full duty, and if only backed up by the aid of the people throughout the State, much good will be accomplished; much capital will come to the State; many factories will be established, and mines of iron, gold, &c., opened out. This can be, and will be if the citizens, the farmers, and the land owners in our State will only furnish information so we may furnish it to those who are attracted by our State's display.

To get the Northern men to settle or invest in North Carolina, we must be able to tell them where they can buy land for farming purposes, where they can buy water powers, mineral and wooded land, unless those who have such for sale will furnish such information. Unless they will place their lands into market, giving it into the hands of some reliable land agency in the State we cannot expect much good to result from the efforts made by our displays.

I urge and insist that every person who desires to sell any real property to furnish me with a description, price and terms of same, and I will assist them to place their lands upon the Northern and New England market.

I ask every man who desires to see North Carolina prosper to aid me in this work.

Very truly,
JNO. T. PATRICK.
State Immigration Agent.
Wadesboro, N. C.

Violations of Pension Laws.

WASHINGTON, August 7.—Commissioner of Pensions Dudley is at work prosecuting three cases of violation of the pension laws, two of which involve the defrauding of pensioners by persons who assisted them in securing their pensions. One of these cases came to light to day by the arrest of Alpha B. Beall, an employee of the government printing office who is charged with defrauding Mrs. Christine Breamer, a pensioner, of $758 of a pension claim of $1,458 paid to her in August, 1880. Beall and Mrs. Breamer lived in adjoining houses in this city, and Beall, learning that Mrs. Breamer had had a son killed in the federal service during the war, induced her to apply for a pension.

The facts with regard to her son's death having been proved, Mrs. Breamer was allowed a pension of $8 per month, with arrears from 1865, making the sum of $1,458. Just before the claim was allowed Beall agreed to secure the pension for her if she would give him half. This she agreed to do, and after the claim was granted Beall went with her to the bank, and drew the entire sum, giving her $700 and keeping the remainder. It was only recently that the matter was brought to the notice of the commissioner who had it investigated. Beall was arrested to-day and placed under bond of $1,500 for his appearance before U. S. Commissioner Bundy.

The other cases are those of C. H Johnson, of St. Mary's county, Md., who was paid $600 by Mrs. Rachel Taylor for prosecuting her pension claim, and of Abraham Miller, of Connellsville, Pa., who personated another Abraham Miller of the same place and obtained his pension money, $850.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—The entire gold production of the world, according to the latest mint reports, is not more than $107,000,000 yearly.

—Subscriptions to the amount of over $300,000 have already been raised for the cotton centennial at New Orleans.

—Allen P. Morris was the first Confederate soldier to draw a pension under the Tennessee law allowing $10 per month to Confederates in the army. Mr. Morris had both his eyes shot out in the battle of Stone river, December 31, 1862.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Aug. 9.—Yesterday a party of gentlemen discovered a wonderful cave which penetrated Lookout mountain. They explored it to a depth of half a mile and discovered an immense lake and three tremendous waterfalls, one being one hundred and fifty feet high.

—At the recent Mormon conferences in Salt Lake City, some 200 missionaries were sent out, making 300 for the year. Of these 100 go to the Southern States, whence 200 converts have been forwarded recently to Colorado. Some idea of the despotism of Mormonism may be seen in the fact that with a population of 135,000 there are more than 22,000 church officials.

CHICAGO, August 9.—Special dispatches report that a severe storm prevailed in Shelby, Cass and Pottawattamie counties, Iowa, last night. The growing crops were leveled to the ground and considerable damage to other property was done. The track of the storm was five miles wide. Near Brayton, 22 head of cattle were killed by being stampeded and running down an embankment. At Lorah nine freight cars were blown from the track.

—The Philadelphia firm of Drexel & Co., brokers, have already succeeded in buying up over a million trade dollars, costing them an average of about 85 cents, and as soon as Congress passes the expected act to redeem them with standard dollars this single firm will make a round hundred and fifty thousand by the transaction and the poor working people who were compelled to submit to the cruel shave will be swindled out of just that much.

—Last Sunday night, some one going up in the mow of George Rodeback's barn, West Bradford, Pa., to throw down hay, discovered smoke or steam rising from the oats which had been put in a few days before. An examination showed that the oats had heated so hot as to be almost ready to burst into flames from spontaneous combustion. They went promptly to work and cut a trench two feet wide through the middle, extending from the top to the bottom, and threw part of the oats out in the air. But for the timely discovery the barn would certainly have been destroyed.

"I Ate Some Soft-Shell Crabs."

This is what Captain Hodgden said when speaking of an unpleasant experience he had on board ship near Washington. He added: "The bad effects of which I soon felt." Then he went on to say that he had severe pain, followed by a severe attack of dysentery. Those wicked crabs would have been the death of him but for the fact that he always carried PAIN KILLER on board his vessel. Have PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER at hand by day and by night for sure relief.

New Advertisements.

We would notify the reading public that for the next Sixty Days, we will sell a SELECT LOT OF *MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS*, suitable for all tastes, AT AND BELOW COST. There is no mistake about it.

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Send for Prices of *PRINTING of EVERY DESCRIPTION*, to SALEM PRINTING OFFICE. Best Work and Reasonable Prices.

SALE OF LAND.

BY virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, on MONDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1883, I will sell at the COURT-HOUSE DOOR IN WINSTON, EIGHTY ACRES of land, belonging to the estate of Henry Perrell, dec'd, lying in the county of Forsyth, and adjoining the lands of Augustus Fogle, and others.

Said Real Estate lies within 3 miles of Salem, with two story dwelling house and all necessary and convenient outhouses situated thereon, and is good, arable land.

Will be sold upon a credit of three months, bond with approved security required. Title reserved until payment of purchase money. Sale to begin at One o'clock, P. M.

HENRY A. LINEBACK,
August 1, 1883—4t. Commissioner.

WANDA,
OUIDA'S LAST NOVEL,
AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Go to FRIES for your FINE SHOES.

Cholera!

CHOLERA MORBUS
CHOLERA INFANTUM
ASIATIC CHOLERA
ALL CHOLERA DISEASES
YIELD TO THE INFLUENCE OF

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

The GREAT REMEDY for every kind of BOWEL DISORDER.

Captain Ira B. Foss, of Goldsborough, Maine, says: "One of my sailors was attacked severely with cholera morbus. We administered Pain Killer, and saved him."

J. W. Simonds, Brattleboro, Vt., says: "In cases of cholera morbus and sudden attacks of summer complaints, I have never found it to fail."

ALL THE DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

WISE people are always on the look-out for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages falls to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Shoaf, deceased, persons indebted to said deceased are hereby requested to make payment to me at once, and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them duly proven as the law directs, within twelve months from the 21st day of July, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. B. STAFFORD,
Adm'r of Henry Shoaf, dec'd.
July 21, 1883.

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, Fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

BETHANY ACADEMY,

BETHANY P. O., N. C.

THE FALL SESSION of this School will begin **August 6th,** and continue twenty-weeks. All English Branches, with Latin, French, Mathematics, &c., will be taught.

Board $6 to $8 per month.
Tuition $1 to $3 per month.
For further information address the Principal, E. E. RAPER,
Bethany, N. C.

BINGHAM SCHOOL,

(Established in 1793,)

Is **PRE-EMINENT** among Southern Boarding Schools for Boys, in **Age,** in **Numbers,** in **Area** of **Patronage** and in equipment for **Physical Culture.**

The 179th Session will begin Aug. 1st, 1883.

Maj. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.
Bingham School P. O., Orange Co., N. C.

University of North Carolina

NEXT SESSION BEGINS AUGUST 30th, 1883. Regular Courses of Study lead to A. B., Phi. B., and B. S. Special Courses are open to Students. Schools of Law, Medicine and Pharmacy attached. A Teacher's Course of two years has been established. For particulars, address

KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., Pres.
Aug. 3, 1883,-31. Chapel Hill, N. C.

LIVER

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1883.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

Fourth Street, WINSTON, N. C.

IN making this announcement we are pleased to say that our business has grown far beyond our most sanguine expectations and in purchasing our regular

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK,

which we are now opening, we have endeavored to buy such goods as will meet

THE WANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS,

We long ago recognized the fact that business does not go by favor but that people will trade where they can get the

MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

We are in position to give our customers as many or more goods for the same money than any house in the State. Why:

1st. We have had seventeen years' experience in the mercantile business and know what to buy to best advantage and when to buy.

2nd. We have sufficient capital to enable us to do our business to best advantage.

3rd. We have the most commodious, best arranged store house and most convenient facilities for doing business of any house here.

4th. We know the best is the cheapest, and employ the best Salesmen that can be had.

5th. We do business at a less per cent. of cost on actual sales each succeeding year.

We ask your consideration of the above facts and examination of our Stock which is partly composed of

150 Bags of Coffee.
40 Barrels of Sugar.
65 Barrels Syrup and Molasses.
25 Boxes of Meat.
5 Tierces of Lard.
10 Barrels of Coal Oil.
3 Barrels Lindseed Oil
2000 lbs. Lewis' White Lead.
300 Sacks of Salt.
10 Rolls Sole Leather.
125 Kegs of Nails.
25 " Horse and Mule Shoes.
30 Boxes Horse Shoe Nails.
50 doz. Handled Hoes.
50 doz. Shovels, Forks and Spades.
20 dozen Grass and Grain Blades.
5 doz. Grain Cradles.
1500 Bulltongues and Shovels.

Specialties in large quantities at factory prices.

F. H. Fries' Jeans, Cottonades, Sheeting and Bunch Cotton.

35 Bales Bellmont Plaids.

Eagle and Phœnix Jeans, Cottonades, Ticks, Hickory Shirting, Gingham, Sewing Cotton, &c.

T. Miles' Sons Ladies, Misses and Gentlemen's Fine Shoes.

Bay State Shoes and Boots.

James A. Leach's Thomasville Shoes.

J. & P. Coats' Spool Cotton.

Home Spool Cotton

"Excelsior" Cook Stoves, the best made.

The ladies will find a complete line of Dress Goods and Trimmings and all the Novelties of the season in our Retail Store and are cordially invited to call and examine our stock and prices before making their purchases. Our stock in this line is unsurpassed and prices not equalled.

We don't buy by sample, all of our goods in this department are selected in New York and other Northern cities by one of the firm. This way we get later styles and make better selections than merchants who depend on buying from "drummers" can possibly get.

15 Cases Prints.
10 Cases of Cottonades and Jeans.
10 Cases and Bales Bleached and fine brown Domestics.
5 Cases Worsted and Dress Goods.
4 Cases Pequet and Lawn.
20 Cases Notion.
150 Cases Boots an Shoes.
35 Cases Hats.
2 Cases Cassimere.
200 Suits of Clothing.
2 Cases Shirts.
2 Cases Umbrellas and Parasols.
3 Cases School Books, Stationary and Blank Books.
10 Cases Clocks.

Full stock of Patent Medicines, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Cotton and Jute Rope, Buckets Tubs, Kegs, &c.

25 Cases Tinware, Hollowware, Shot, Lead, &c.

5,000 Bags Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure for the tobacco crop and we will have 10,000 Bags of the Celebrated Star Brand Wheat Manure for the wheat crop this fall. We invite everybody to come and see us.

Yours very truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Winston, N. C., May 1st, 1883.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT,
SALEM, N. C.

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

OUR GOODS SURPASS ANYTHING IN THE MARKET.

Salem, N. C., May 17, 1883.-20.

Gray & Martin,
DRUGGISTS,
Winston, N. C.

North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 35 p m
" Salisbury	6 00 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 1g a m	8 33 p m
Leave Greensboro		9 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro		11 28 p m
" Durham		12 08 a m
" Raleigh		1 25 a m
Leave "		1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro		3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 30 a m. Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 0 a m	
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	
Leave "	4 15 p m	
Arrive Durham	5 52 p m	
" Hillsboro	6 11 p m	
" Greensboro	8 20 p m	
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 11 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 50 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	0 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m
Ar. Raleigh 8 56 p. m
Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m
Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m.
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 32 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.

On Train No. 52, Richmond and Danville and Washington and Augusta, Ga., via. Danville.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

M. SLAUGHTER
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,

HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.

Jan. 2, 1883.

HERRICK'S POEMS,
THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON
AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street New York

ONE DOLLAR BOOKS.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,
" " Washington and other Generals.
Dickens' Child's History of England,
POEMS, from 60 cents to $1.50.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS.

Cooper's Pilot,
Swiss Family Robinson,
Robinson Crusoe,
Arabian Knights,
Captain Kid,
10,000 Miles Walk,
Louis Philippe,
Heart of Steel, (Fisher),
Michælmas Daisy,
Peter the Whaler,
Scottish Chiefs,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Sam Slick, Plants of the Bible,
Vicar of Wakefield, Apple Blossoms,
Lalla Rookh, Talking Leaves,
Paradise Lost, Euphrates and Tigris,
Picciola, John Ex,
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures,
Charlotte and Lucy Temple,
and a large lot of valuable books at prices far below cost.

Don't neglect this opportunity of buying books at AUCTION PRICES.

Books sent by mail, postage will be added. Sent postage free at regular retail prices.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., April 12, 1883.

5 CENTS. MUSIC 5 CENTS.

Just received at the
SALEM BOOKSTORE,
a choice lot of
SHEET MUSIC
at the low price of
5 Cents a Copy.

The following is a partial list:

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Cradle Song, - - - *Mendelssohn.*
I Love my Love, - - - *Pinsuti.*
Then You'll Remember Me, *Balfe.*
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, - - - - *Knight.*
Tapping at the Garden Gate.
Robin Adair.
Watchman tell us of the Night, *Gounod.*
Nearer my God to Thee, *Barton.*
Old Oaken Bucket.
Il Trovatore.
Maiden's Prayer, and others.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

Put on the Golden Crown.
Old Nicker Demus.
Baby Joe, and others.

This music is full size and in clear and neat impressions, fully as good as the higher priced sheets.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

STAFFORD MILL.

Having repaired the Stafford Mills and secured the services of one of the best Millers in the country, I am now prepared to do as

GOOD WORK

as this mill ever did, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the surrounding country.

W. B. STAFFORD.
Forsyth Co., Jan. 29th 1883.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, boys and girls make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

PICTURES! PICTURES!!
CHROMOS, framed, at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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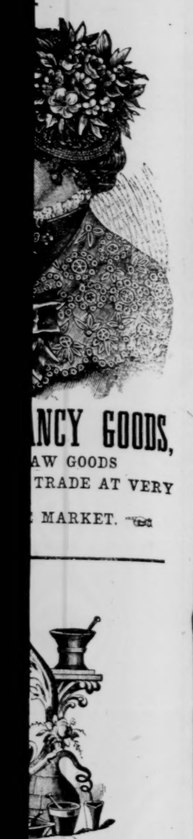

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TRADE AT VERY
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LAR BOOKS.
Bonaparte,
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History of England,
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Kid,
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Chiefs.
rom Shakespeare,
Plants of the Bible,
d. Apple Blossoms,
Talking Leaves,
Euphrates and Tigris,
John Eax,
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RD MILL.
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B. STAFFORD.
9th 1883.
Sweeping by, go and
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AT LAW,
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PICTURES!!
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Double Buggy and
Harness. Enquire
BOOK STORE.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

NOTICE.

Train will leave Salem at 5:30 A. M., Sunday, August 19th, and remain in Greensboro all day, and returning leave Greensboro at 10:15 P. M. This is done in order to accommodate all persons wishing to attend the Friends' Yearly Meeting at High Point. No train at noon.

CHAS. BUFORD, *Agent.*

—German carp item next week.

—T. R. Purnell, Esq., left for Raleigh on Saturday morning last.

—The Salem Mill started the steam engine on Tuesday last.

—Salem is becoming a a grain market with prices worth quoting anywhere.

—L. W. Springs is off for Texas. Wish him a successful commercial journey in the Lone Star State.

—G. Ouderkirk, editor of the High Point *Farm and Fireside* favored us with a call last week.

—Mrs. Crouch, on Salt Street, in this place, lost two fine shoats, from a disease resembling cholera.

—Dr. Gray's carriage wheel broke down on the hill below town on Tuesday evening. The nurse and children were in the carriage, but no one injured.

—The new roller mill will soon be in operation at the Wachovia Mills, making it one of the finest mills in the South. This patent flour is considered by the Northern dealers the best made.

The Fruit Man Again at the Front.—We notice the jam of wagons at C. R. Welfare's this season, as we did last Summer. He pays as high for fruit as any one and sells goods as low. 3t.

—The new building of Messrs. Fogle Brothers is rapidly approaching completion and will soon be ready for occupation. It is a large building and well adapted for their growing business.

—Col. A. H. Belo, of the Galveston, (Texas) *News*, is in town visiting his father, E. Belo, Esq., who is yet quite ill. Rob't Belo, of Raleigh, was also here a few days last week.

—Rev. J. T. Zorn and family, including the young ladies of the Academy, who spend the vacation here, and several teachers will spend a week at Glen Alpine Springs, near Morganton. It is said to be a beautiful resort.

—Mr. Frederick Binkley, of Lewisville township, had his barn burnt on Saturday, 4th inst. He lost a fine horse, his whole wheat crop, wagon, &c., amounting in all to upwards of three hundred dollars.

—Forsyth Inferior Court this week, Justices Boyer and Sullivan presiding. J. W. Fries, Esq., is absent among the mountains to recuperate. Col. Henry Marshall is foreman of the Grand Jury. Some 75 or 80 cases on docket. Mr. Marshall called on us Tuesday.

—John N. Hine, of Broadbay township, brought to town, on Saturday last, a fine large sweet potato, of the red yam variety, weighing one pound and a quarter. It has only been about two months and a half since the slip was planted. This is the earliest large potato we have heard of.

DRIED FRUIT.—Giersh & Senseman pay the highest price for fruit, and call the attention of the public to their fine stock of goods which they sell at low figures. Call and see them.

—Mr. John Bricker, of Lititz, Pa., one of the party of Pennsylvanians who visited this State recently, was here on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and visited friends at Bethania and vicinity. He seemed pleased with this section, and we hope the visit will induce men of means to come down and settle among us.

—A blind boy from Lewisville was in town on Saturday, with his large book of selections from the New Testament, in raised letters, from which he read rapidly and correctly. He also sang a number of Sunday School songs very well. He is without means and adopted this method to raise money to purchase a writing frame.

—W. W. Cook lost a fine work horse in June last. He was plowing the corn and had stopped at the end of the row, and while watering the horse became entangled in the lines. In the struggle of freeing himself he became frightened and ran away with the plow attached, the point striking him in the front knee joint and nearly severed the leg. The horse had to be killed on Sunday following the accident.

—We regret we could not visit Mr. W. H. Hall's apiary last week, more particularly as he was doing some special work among his bees. Mr. Hall has been a successful apiarist for a number of years. This year he has over 1200 pounds of fine white or "sourwood" honey for sale. The average per hive was about 75 pounds.

Messrs. W. & E. Peterson have also been successful, having a thousand pounds or more of white honey.

There used to be a dozen or more persons who kept the old black bee, but the new Italian, or "yellow jacket" bee is far more profitable, and has nearly superseded the old variety in town.

Stokes County.

The Board of Commissioners and Magistrates met in joint session August 6th, 1883.

The following taxes were levied, viz: For State, 25 cents on the $100 valuation. For schools, 16⅔ cents on the $100 valuation. For county, 25 cents on the $100 valuation. Total 66⅔ cents on the $100 valuation, and $2 on each poll. Same as last year.

The magistrates elected Joel F. Hill Chairman, and A. J. Brown and Jas. W. Davis Associates, and W. W. King Solicitor of Inferior Court.

Upon motion a committee was appointed to examine the most convenient point near Danbury on Dan River and make an estimate of what a bridge will cost.—*Reporter.*

PENMANSHIP.—In these days of push and hurry we often long to write a *legible* and yet rapid hand. The old methods, though good enough for ordinary purposes do not exactly enable one to write with speed and at the same time neatly and legibly.

Prof. P. P. Mousseau teaches a new system of penmanship, and so simple that the pupil improves rapidly in a few lessons. Two terms of writing schools have been taught in Winston, giving general satisfaction. The specimens we have examined show marked improvement and certainly prove all the Professor claims. Only $2 for ten lessons. A school was organized yesterday in this place, and goes into operation to-day at Boys' School-House.

Best of references given from local clergy, business men and other prominent citizens.

Tourgee's New Book.

HOT PLOUGHSHARES.

For sale at

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Natural Bridge and Luray Cave, Va.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The old way of reaching Natural Bridge, superseded only two years ago, was either by stage from Staunton, a distance of 20 miles, or by canalboat from Lynchburg. The canal was the old James and Kanawha Canal, in the building of which Washington and Jefferson took a warm interest, expecting from the opening of it that commercial revival for Virginia which now at last seems dawning for her, promising to make her as prosperous in commerce as she is in agriculture.

The Richmond & Alleghany Railroad, which passes right through the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, connects the valleys of the James and the Kanawha and goes as far as the Ohio River,—has within the last years completely superseded the canal. Any way, the canal never was finished right through the mountains as intended, but stopped short at the foot of them, thus missing the chance of becoming a national highway. We see the ruins of this well built, now entirely abandoned, canal as we are whirled along by the railway train, and we regretfully admire the many splendidly built stone dams and solid locks, which are now so utterly useless.

Soon after leaving Lynchburg we come into the regular mountain regions, the steep sides of the gorge forming a fine frame for the lovely mountain views, changing in outline at every one of the many turns of the river. In spite of the long rainless season which has prevailed, the James River comes down from its mountain homes to meet us with an abundance of deep water. What a contrast, I could not help thinking, to what the same river looks at Richmond, where, though lower down, instead of having increased it seems to have greatly lost both in the quantity and quality of its waters. Here the water that comes rolling down in great abundance is beautifully clear and has, in the sunlight, that bright metallic glitter which both contrasts and blends beautifully with the softly green forest of the foreground and the lovely bluish haze which clothes the green mountain scenery far beyond. We are now fairly in the midst of mountains,—mountains near and mountains far,—tier upon tier,—one looking out from behind the other.

I have once read of a simple but practical old woman, who for the first time had got a chance to behold the Ocean. Being asked what impression this majestic sight made on her, she said she felt a kind of satisfaction in seeing something of which there was "enough of it!" Something like this I felt in seeing again mountains and water, and "enough of it." There one has been pining year after year for the sight of a clear brook and for some far mountain view. Many is the time that I have walked up to the upper end of Winston, near to the new reservoir, or on the other side, to the so-called new race course, for no other purpose than to get a glimpse of a mountain, though but the single Pilot mount; and here there have been glorious mountain chains and lovely valley plains in abundance, and limpid waterstreams running to waste, as it would seem, for thousands and thousands of years. However, it does one good to see that somewhere at least there is enough of it. This encourages and strengthens us to endure the want of such pleasant circumstances during the ordinary routine of life. Most of all it puts us in mind of that glorious and perfect Home that we shall inhabit for Eternity and where delectable mountains and clear rivers of living water will surely not be wanting.

For over 30 miles west of Lynchburg, I should think, we keep on the south side, i. e. the right bank of the river; then, with a mighty swoop we cross to the other side over a long, slender iron bridge, that looks from a distance like a thin net work, floating in the air. Soon after we cross on a similar bridge a river seeming almost as large as the main trunk. It is a large tributary coming in from the North and called the North River, a name borne by several noble rivers in this country, none of them, however, though may be larger and broader, rolling down purer waters through more romantic scenery than this one. And now, as these two bridges are behind us, we have fairly entered on "enchanted ground." Sounds and sights which at other places might annoy us are not here; the cares that ordinarily may weigh upon us are for the time forgotten.

With an extaordinary effort the engine pulls us tearing up the last few miles, though we have been gently ascending ever since Lynchburg, and presently we halt at the station called Natural Bridge Station. Not being encumbered by much luggage and having foreseen the details of the situation, we at once hurry towards the waiting stage coach and secure seats high up on the top, something like the top seats of the London or Manchester omnibuses, on which, in younger years I used to ride many a time with special delight. My little son indeed soon vacated his seat for some older person and took his place on a trunk right on the roof of the stage, from whence the view was indeed very free, but our feeling of security or stability, to use the scientific term, was not over great, owing to the high elevation of the centre of gravity. There was a goodly load of passengers and luggage by this one large coach which, drawn by four white horses and driven, as I thought, somewhat recklessly, soon started from the Northern side of the line in a N. W. direction, for the hotels quite close to the Natural Bridge, 3 miles distant from here. In less than half a mile we pass under the solid arch of a stone bridge over which runs the new Shenandoah Valley Railroad, which runs from N. E. to S. W. crosses on a high tressail work the Alleghany Railroad and immediately after the James River, right here, and joins the Norfolk & Western Line at a place called Roanoke, near Salem, Va. Of this line more anon. After going underneath it we turn for a while to the left, pass the Shenandoah Valley Railroad depot, also called Natural Bridge Station, and take up two more passengers, who considerately offer to walk up the very steep hill which we now have to ascend. For the rest of the journey, 2¼ miles, the scenery indeed is delightfully fresh and ever changing, glorious views of a distant, intensely blue mountain country, like fairy land peering through wherever the rich foliage of the near scenery leaves an opening. I lately read the letter of another traveller describing this same road of 3 miles in the following words: "up hill and through forest over such a road as one dreams of in a nightmare, but meets only in Virginia or, perhaps, in Turkish dominions." I was on the contrary rather agreeably disappointed at the smoothness of the road-bed there, I had only lately traveled in a good country wagon through the Sauratown mountains and up Moore's Knob and up the Pilot as far as wagons can travel there, so I was probably inured to bad roads, and almost considered this road very good.

Well I remember some 20 years ago I used to look at a certain book of American Scenery, and how I was specially charmed by a very fine picture of the Natural Bridge. The idea, that this wonder of Nature was real, and was existing somewhere on this same globe, though perhaps never to be seen by me, used to occupy my fancy a great deal; often has the remembrance of this sentiment returned upon me in the years between now and then,—perhaps as a kind of presentiment of what was to be: be that as it may, here we were really approaching that often fancied Bridge—and it was not a dream. Everybody around seemed to be as indifferent to the fact, that we were nearing a momentous sight as if this were a thing of every day occurrence. Our journey ended near where there was a large, flat depression in the mountain region, and here a number of fine hotel-buildings were standing. One of them is called the Pavilion, being in the lower story a splendid, large hall, with broad verandahs round about, superbly furnished and connected with the hotel near at hand by fine boarded walks. Scarcely had we registered at the Hotel Forest Inn and deposited our valise when we started on a nice path through a kind of park towards the great center of our journey. Remarkable along the path and altogether about the Bridge are the great arbor vitæ trees growing here; they are said to be the largest of the world, they certainly are the largest I had ever seen by far, some of them 4 or even 5 feet in diameter. Their fragrance fills the air, the murmuring of Cedar Creek becomes more and more distinct and as we turn a corner of the road, all at once the mighty Bridge is right before us. We are all familiar with its outline from many a picture and description; I cannot say that my expectations were much surpassed, but this I do say, that, great as my ideas of the size and picturesqueness were which I brought along, they were by the reality more than justified. I cannot descibe the Bridge itself better than in the words of another, thus: "It ranks among the great wonders of the world. It approaches Niagara in grandeur and exceeds it in height and in awful mystery. It is a single block of limestone with many shades of color; it is wide enough to span Broadway and high enough to throw in shadow the turrets of Trinity Church. The walls are smooth as if cut with chisels and there is no sign of cleft or displacement. Under it men look like boys and trees like bushes." Every word of this description I know to be literally true. But here the same experience is apt to be made which is often made on seeing Niagara for the first time. The very first impression is almost slightly disappointing. The reason is, that we view the sight as a picture,—standards are yet wanting whereby to estimate the greatness. It is only by getting to know the wonderwork better and better, by getting intimately and for longer time acquainted with it, and the more we see of it, that we learn truly to admire it, to value it and to love it more and more. I suppose it is somewhat like this with respect to excellence and greatness of human characters. If they are real, they often are not striking at the first glance, they are to some even not visible at all. I have seen the Bridge the first day and the second day of my stay near, in the evening and in the morning, from this side and from the other, from above and from below. To impress the forms more fully into my mind I even made a pencil sketch which will be a lively remembrance to me of my visit,—and the more I saw, the more I got to love this wonderwork, this gigantic signal-post left behind from the process of this world's formation—thousands of years ago. When at last I had to part on Tuesday morning after 10 o'clock, it was with a feeling of pain that I tore myself away, trying to get a last sight again and again as from a parting friend. A large public road passes over the arch of the Bridge and has always passed in the memory of man—as it does to-day. At the side of it are some beautiful prospect points, one of them called Pulpit Rock, protected by nicely made rustic fences, whence one can enjoy the look into the immense depth of 215 feet below. The little Cedar Creek flowing under the Bridge of course cannot be credited with having, in past ages, worked out by its waters this wonderful arch; the most likely explanation to me seems to be this, that there used to be an immense cave all over where now there is a steep, rocky valley-gorge, that the greater part of the roof has fallen in, and that this bridge is a part of the roof which has remained standing.

There is ha ill, called Jefferson Mount, about one-half mile distant, easily reached, a hill covered and surrounded by that kind of short grass, over which it is so delightful to walk. This hill has a peculiarly favorable and central position for a magnificent panoramic view of the mountains, rising amphitheatrically round about as far as the eye can reach. A more lovely and beautiful mountain panorama of its kind, can,—I say this on authority other than my own judgment—scarcely anywhere be beheld. Now this hill is being crowned by a convenient little pavilion called an Observatory—where you can rest and be sheltered and enjoy the sights of the distant mountain world at leisure through widely open windows on all sides. There is a large number of iteresting points for walks and small excursions round about, all of which I could not see for want of time. I wandered, however, up the romantic valley of Cedar Creek as far as one could go. The road is kept comfortable and leads for over a mile through a regular glen,—first to the 'Cave,' then to the whispering well,' thence to the Cascade. Here a neat little boat called the Porpoise, irresistably tempts the small boy as it did my little son, to paddle up right to underneath the Cascade at the top of the Glen. Among the trees growing in the neighborhood, I noticed, also especially, the beautiful dark balsam-pine, with the long silky needles. There was altogether a spicy odor prevailing, which recalled to my memory scenes and surroundings, dear at former times,—now long since left behind in the Old World. The sense of smell is the least respected of our five senses, yet it is just this sense which can transmit to us with lightning speed very pleasant and seemingly long lost remembrances. If ever I were to enter the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinopel, I would with a special interest inhale the odor of the musk wherewith the mortar was impregnated at command of the Emperor Justinian, who had the building erected as a Church more than 1300 years ago. There are 3 beautiful hotels, one of them the Pavilion named before, close together, all belonging to the same proprietor, who also owns all the land near,—Natural Bridge included,—in all about 3 square miles, I believe. The guests at the Hotels can enjoy every comfort, I might even say luxury. There is a telegraph office at the Hotel, connecting with the whole telegraph system of the land. The guests also have the use of all the very fine improvements free of special charge. The fixed charges are, considering all this, not too high. There is every opportunity for hiring conveyances or saddle horses for ladies and gentlemen,—there is music and dancing in the evening at the Pavilion for those who like to enjoy such things,—there is plenty of cheerful interesting company,—there is a choice of fine and perfectly dry and clean walks,—and there is above all plenty of pure mountain air and most beautiful spring water. Of such whose purse allows them to spend some weeks at such a place in perfect rest, ease and enjoyment, one might feel tempted humorously to say: "Beati sunt possidentes! Only that experience has taught me too well that of far more value than pecuniary means, are: the physical and intellectual capacity for enjoyment.

Before leaving the bridge for good,—I feel bound to mention the present proprietor of the whole surrounding land and the buildings, Mr. Parsons,—who became owner in 1881 from whence dates also the revival of the old fame of Natural Bridge—a revival very perceptible for the last two years. The owner—to judge from his works, is evidently a man of high culture and taste,—and of wonderful energy. The best is, that the so-called 'improvements', are not as is sometimes the case the very reverse, but are really improvements, spoiling nothing in the scenery, and helping you to enjoy many points with comfort, which could not otherwise be reached.

Good-bye for to-day—and as the ghost of Cæsar said to Brutus: At Philippi we meet again—so will I fix for the place of our meeting next week: the deep caverns of Luray.

L. B. W.

Washington and New York.

A certain writer brings forward the rather unique hypothesis, that in this small world of ours, every individual has his or her own appointed place, that no other except the owner, can fill; further, that if a person steps out of such place, his niche,—either from caprice, restlessness, or, mayhap, to conceal a committed crime, there is no other place left for him in this world, even among the 1500 millions of beings it is said to be able to contain:—that even if he masquerades for years, under an assumed name, in another hemisphere, he is sure to be discovered, sooner or later,—sure to be found out. Is our world then so small, so circumscribed? are we so closely linked together as that? Such thoughts passed through my mind as I surveyed the rushing, jostling throngs of human beings on a visit to some of our large cities a short time since.

To say that Washington is "a city of magnificent distances," sounds rather hackneyed, rather geography-book like,—but whoever tries to walk those broad, well kept streets, or to saunter through those parks, is sure to realize its truth before many days. The noise and rattle of a large commercial city are wanting; there is room enough for every one. It impresses a visitor like a very large village, exceedingly cosmopolitan in its make up,—until you enter some of those lofty marble structures among our public buildings, and begin to realize that you are now in the centre of that great machine, with endless ramifications that we call the Federal Government.

The Capitol is too well known to require description; we however entered it from the north basement wing, as workmen were reqairing the great east front, with its dizzying flights of marble steps, and groups of statuary. It was a surprise to find, down here, almost shut from the light of day, a beauty of workmanship, and a wealth of choice bits of painting that the casual visitor never dreams of. Brumidi, the great Italian frescoist of the Capitol, revelled in true artistic freedom in these halls and committee rooms, here painting a series of American birds, many of brilliant plumage,—there the tall sugar cane, the tobacco, or American fruits and vines in rich profusion, with a correctness and finish that his larger works fail to show. The rooms in the basement most worth seeing are the Committee Rooms on Agriculture, Indian Affairs, Naval and Military matters, all frescoed emblematically, with portraits of noted men wherever a picture could be placed. To mention the statues and paintings of this vast pile would require a volume.

At two different points in the Capitol I felt ashamed of my sex; one was when I stood before Vinnie Ream's $15,000 statue of Lincoln, and saw that only *in price*, could it at all challenge comparison with the other statues grouped around; the other was in the Post Office of the Senate, when I saw a large framed piece of writing on the wall, signed numerously in scratchy uncertain characters by Doctor Clemence Lozier, Susan B. Anthony and others of the same sort, purporting to be a "*Declaration of Independence*," from what I could not understand; it was intended to be a companion piece to the immortal Declaration of 1776, and so was dated "July 4th, 1876."

We gradually found our way up the handsome staircases, to the Rotunda, where Costaggini, the associate of Brumidi, is now engaged in decorating the frieze with a series of cartoons, representing the leading events of American history; about one-half of the space was covered. Three of the large paintings of the Rotunda were being retouched, in a temporary studio put up on the spot; but as there was no admittance save by ladder, we did not attempt it.

The Government Botanic Gardens came next in order, with their beautifully laid out grounds,—great Conservatory of fan palms, hat palms, palms of all kinds, together with many other rare tropical plants; what most interested us however, in one of the ten smaller conservatories were some spikes of a rare and beautiful Orchid, from the isthmus of Panama, called "the Flower of the Holy Ghost," or the Dove Flower; botanically it is styled "*Peristeria alata*"; the spike bore some fifteen cream colored blossoms, of five petals, in the centre of which cosy nest, sits the perfect figure of a pure, white dove; it is no wonder the imaginative Jesuits gave the flower its mystic name.

Next comes the Smithsonian Institute, a true Museum of rare and curious things, many of which we recognized as old acquaintances from the Centennial. After the Centennial Exhibition, the collections of most nations, as well as those of private exhibitors, were presented to the United States; in order to display these valuable collections, Congress appropriated money for a building called the "New National Museum" just south-east of the Smithsonian, and a strikingly handsome building it is. The work of placing the exhibits is not yet completed, but enough has been done to show that these twin-sisters will do a noble work.

What chiefly interested us, was the large collection of Zuni Indian curiosities from Col. Frank Cushing, who lived among these remnants of the Pueblo dwellers of Mexico and Arizona; a recent number of the *Century* gave an interesting account of these people. There were miniature models of the seven Moqui pueblas of Arizona,—the walls of the yellow sun-dried Mexican adobe, perfect in every minute detail; then there were large lithographs of these people, specimens of their dress, utensils of every kind, ornaments, &c.

Not far from these exhibits an intelligent Frenchman was superintending the placing of plaster casts of antique bas reliefs, presented by a French scientist, and discovered by him in Mexico and Central America, long friezes, arched doorways, grotesque figures that remind us of Egyptian sculpture. A little farther on we come to the hideous yet interesting *Totem* posts, or heraldic pillars, of the Vancouver Indians, huge columns from 40 to 50 feet high, covered with rudely carved faces, animals, birds,—erected in front of the dwellings of great chiefs to perpetuate the deeds of their ancestors; they cost several thousand dollars, ugly as they are, and in their way are as interesting as the great Obelisk of Central Park, covered with hieroglyphics. They hint of a pedigree of races, removed and vast, of nations and peoples that have passed away, leaving only these traces. Perhaps in time it will so with us too,—the New Zealander, standing on the broken tower of Brooklyn Bridge may speculate as to what manner of people raised those vast arches, and idly wonder who and what they were, *but we must pass on.*

The White House next claims our patriotic attention. Alas! it was in the hands of carpenters and painters, so imagination had to supply the rest; the grounds and fountains are exceedingly pretty.

From the White House, we go to the Treasury Building, on 15th street; it covers a whole Washington block, and has fine porticos on all four sides, supported by great Dorie pillars, and reached by terraced platforms, and long flights of granite steps; delightful grounds surround the buildings, as they do all these government departments. We enter a cool hall tesselated with squares of black and white marble, and find ourselves in a veritable marble palace. A gentlemanly guide shows us first the Rogues' Gallery, a room containing photographs of all well known criminals, from Booth and Guiteau, considered the arch-criminals, to the latest thief or murderer. Large scrap-books are filled with these photographs and names attached, besides the framed photos on the walls, Scrap-Books too, are shown, filled with every counterfeit of greenbacks and Treasury notes, bonds, from one thousand dollars to fifty cents. Noted burglars' tools, and counterfeiting implements are there, among them a hollow cane that can be unscrewed, and which was long successfully used in circulating counterfeit money, till caught by a shrewd detective. We pass offices where numberless female clerks are engaged in counting or cutting apart money, &c., with a rapidity that seemed marvelous. We are shown the process by which mutilated currency is withdrawn from circulation, and reduced to a pulp like papier-mache; out of this ornamental articles are made, as pug dogs, cats; we were shown a bell hung in a small tower not more than 8 inches square, containing $660,000.

The Cash Room is the magnificent room; the floors and walls of the choicest marbles, fine Carrara alternating with the warm, rich, red-veined Pyrennean and Siemese marbles, the floor is tesselated red and white marbles, superbly polished. Perhaps it is necessary to impress foreigners with the dignity of our government, but it does seem a sort of useless splendor. We certainly get a more distinct idea of the vast machinery of the government as we see these armies of officials, clerks, servants, &c., all working with infinite system and regularity; how *economical* it may be better not to say. It would become tiresome to describe the other departments in detail; they are alike in general arrangement, but different in uses and purposes. Another similar building is the one known as the State, Navy, and War Department. The Patent Office is situated between 7th and 9th streets; just opposite is the Post Office Department, like the others, each covers a block.

Washington deserves to be called the "Monumental City" rather than Baltimore; besides the bewildering array in and around the Capitol,—there are statues on almost every square; there is an equestrian statue of Gen. Scott, cast out of Mexican cannon, and costing $20,000, at the intersection of Massachusetts and Rhode Island Avenues; a statue of Farragut, of Gen. Thomas, of Gen. Rawlins, of Prof. Henry, near the Smithsonian; an equestrian statue of Gen. A. Jackson on LaFayette Square; an equestrian statue of Washington by Clark Mills; an equestrian statue of Gen. Greene, a statue of Lincoln in front of City Hall, and various other noted statues. The Washington monument is a monstrosity without dignity or beauty, more like the white-washed smoke stack of some factory, than aught else; it is now 300 feet high and is to be 500 when finished.

We next turn our steps to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, a fine building where, after registering name and occupation a guide is assigned, who takes you round and explains the varied ways of engraving the plates, and printing Greenbacks, Treasury Notes, Bonds, Revenue Stamps, &c. Many women and girls are employed here also; all are enclosed or separated rather from visitors by high ornamental iron railing, so that their work may be seen, and not interrupted. So important is the work, that every possible precaution is taken to prevent theft or counterfeiting; the engravers are skilled artists, but no one is allowed to engrave a whole, or even half a plate; the work is all given out in sections, so that humanly speaking, there is no chance to tamper with moneys *there.*

The Agricultural Department remains to be visited; it lies directly west of the Smithsonion, and is surrounded by the most beautiful flower-beds and grounds I ever saw. It is intended to show all the varied agricultural and other productions of the United States, including models of all known fruits, grains, stuffed birds, fowls, animals, insects; the whole silk industry is illustrated, so with cotton, wool, linen, &c., and is well worth a visit.

Later in the evening we went to Oak Hill, the beautifully shaded Cemetery of Georgetown, handsomely laid out with lakes, fountains, flowers, a small mortuary Gothic Chapel, and monuments without number; but the visitor at once turns his steps to the monument of John Howard Payne, not far from the entrance. A fine bust crowns the monument which has been too well described recently to need my recapitulation.

Every Wednesday during the summer, an excursion goes down from Washington to Luray Cave, in Virginia, so we got our tickets, $3.50, for the round trip including entrance to cave, guide, &c., and set out with seven car loads from Baltimore and Washington. As to the wonders of the Cave, I will leave them to an abler pen than mine to describe; I am sure I was repaid for the slight outlay, by the beauties of that ride through the lovely Shenandoah Valley, past Harper's Ferry where still linger the memories of John Brown's raid, as you see the ruins of the U. S. Armory where he was captured. At Charlestown we saw the courthouse where he was condemned. Here the Shenandoah and Potomac have a real Silver Wedding, solemnized in Nature's grand cathedral. We left Washington at 8.30, A. M., spent several hours in the cave, and reached Washington again at 9.30, P. M. E. L.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—By invitation from Elder Emanuel Fishel, Superintendent of Providence Sunday School, I was present at a gathering of several Sunday Schools at that place on last Saturday, Aug. 11th. The schools represented were Love's, Providence, Red Bank and Beck's.

After the opening service with prayer, Mr. A. M. Dicks, a member of the Love's Sunday School, made an excellent address; he was followed by another young man, a member of the same school.

The afternoon was devoted to addresses on the part of the visitors present.

Of preachers we had Rev. J. C. Thomas, Pastor of the Methodist church at Kernersville and Love's, Thomas Stoltz, Bowles, Peele, Jones and Fishel. Also Mr. Ephraim Weasner and Mr. Clements, Superintendent of Love's Sunday School.

Rev. Thos. Stoltz led off, then the Rev. Mr. Bowles, and after them Rev. Mr. Peele, of the Society of "Friends," *pealed* away to some purpose, and gave us an excellent talk at some length, although he said he had forgotten to bring his speeches along. Rev. Mr. Thomas then spoke and to the point, followed by Jones, Weasner and Clements. Elder Fishel was master of ceremonies, and conducted the programme, and the whole was interspersed with excellent singing by the different schools; and in this respect this is certainly a great improvement from year to year.

Looking at the banners of the different schools present, one particularly interested me, viz: "Beck's" Sunday School, from the fact that ten years ago such a thing as a Sunday School was not desirable in that neighborhood, and frolics and dancing was the order of the Saturday nights with the young people. Upon inquiry, I found that a Mr. Hodgins had moved in the neighborhood, and had organized a Sunday School at Beck's Meeting House, and to-day we were permitted to see some of the successes which have crowned his efforts, and hope he may succeed in getting all the young people up in that corner into his Sunday School.

Brother Fishel and the Providence people deserve praise for inaugurating this meeting and the success attending it, and the good feeling prevailing throughout at the time of our breaking up, we hope will prove in part a compensation for their pains. We closed with prayer and the benediction by Rev. J. C. Thomas.

On Sunday, Aug. 12th, Professor Wurreschke preached in the Moravian church in Kernersville. I went to New Philadelphia, where we had preaching, lovefeast and communion. The Sunday School here is in good condition, numbering nearly one hundred. At night I preached at Pine Grove; the house was crowded almost to suffocation. A series of meetings have been held here during the past week, Rev. H. Pegram, Pastor, and quite a number professed faith in Christ. Rev. Mr. Crews, of the Protestant Methodist Church, was here, and closed the meeting.

On the 2nd Sunday in October a series of meetings will be inaugurated at New Philadelphia. I staid over night with Mr. Jones, living near the church. He is an invalid and has been confined mostly to the house for three years. His son, George Jones, who runs the farm, last year planted one acre of old land in tobacco, which filled one barn, and not long ago he sold it for *one hundred and eighty dollars* in cash. Can the West beat that; and yet they turn up their noses at North Carolina and say, "*poor country.*" Uncle John Crater, the oldest man in the settlement, is very unwell; his daughter, Mrs. Norman, from Hope, Ind., is with them. She went away a young wife, and now, after thirty years, with grand-children most grown, she comes to find her old parents still alive.

This dry weather is making sad havoc among vehicles and all along the wayside you find them stranded with tires off or wheels smashed.

Mr. A. M. Dicks, son of Dr. Wm. Dicks, left Kernersville yesterday evening, 13th, for the Indian Territory. He expects to remain several years in the neighborhood of Tishomingo, in the Chickasaw Nation, where he has a relative engaged in merchandising and the cattle trade. Mr. Dicks is an excellent young man and his friends here generally regret his going, as it is right in this country where Frank Reich and Wesley Spaugh were waylaid and shot down in the highway.

Kerner, Greenfield & Co., are now getting ready to begin their new tobacco factory. They have one more kiln of 60,000 brick to burn. They have certainly had an excelent time for the business, and they have made good use of it. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., Aug. 14, 1883.

Agriculture.

NEAR SALEM, Aug. 10th, 1883.

MESSRS. EDITORS: As agriculture is the prominent business of our State and whole country, we should all feel interested in facts about farming.

Now I want to illustrate some farming operations in our own county of Forsyth. Three farmers Messrs. Cox, Crews and Mickey, raised nearly same amount of wheat, say average 775 bushels, which is 2,325 bushels. Now we will see how many persons this would supply or feed 1 year Nine bushels being sufficient for one person one year, making over one pound of flour per day, with the middlings added. The amount of wheat raised by those 3 gentlemen would feed 258 persons 1 year. Now suppose we have a table for those men, allowing two feet for each man, and seated on both sides of the table, would be the same number of feet as number of men 258 feet. Now if two tables 129 feet long and seated on both sides, were constructed in the Salem Public Square they would almost reach from the lower to the upper end of the square, and bread enough the year round 3 times a day. Indulge a little longer, let us see how many 2 horse wagons would be loaded, having 40 bushels to the load, making 58 two horse loads. Now those teams going up the Main Street, say the hindmost wagon was at Butner's Hotel, where would the first wagon be, allowing three rods to each team. It would be 1,070 yards from the hotel more, than a half mile, some where about Edwin Mienung's shoe shop. Now one more case: If this wheat were sold at one dollar per bushel, and paid in silver dollars, how much would they weigh? At $16 a pound, one hundred and forty-five and five-sixteenths pounds of avoirdepois. My object is to spread out, as it were these facts, I don't think the same amount of wheat has ever been raised by three men in our county. Every citizen in our county should feel proud at such results. But I don't hesitate to say a good many smaller farmers did equally as well according to the land sown in wheat. In the language of the renowned Davy Crocket I would say, "Go ahead" to those three farmers, and all other good farmers of Forsyth. FRIEND.

For the Press.

ABBOTT'S CREEK, N. C., Aug. 13.

The drought still continues; all vegetation is withered beyond recovery, should there come ever so much rain.

Sweet potatoes would do something yet perhaps, not more than half a crop can be expected.

Turnips will be late if any at all, the time is past for early sowing and there has not been a seed sown yet.

Mr. Whitfield is now burning J. M. & A. O. Raper last brick kiln; next week they will begin their building.

Mr. Leonard closed his singing school at Abbott's Creek Church on the 12th. There was quite a crowd present, his class from Friendship was present, the music was pronounced good and gave general satisfaction.

Emery E. Raper was also present on the occasion, he opens his school at Bethany Academy on the 13th inst.

Wheat thrashing is over, yield generally better than anticipated, quality of wheat good.

The farmers are now surely ready for rain, wheat thrashed, hay made, next in turn is plowing fallow, preparatory to another wheat and oats crop. L. L. R.

Remember the Sixty Day Bargain Book Sales at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

MARRIED.

On the 9th inst., in Salem, by Elder Wm. Turner, Mr. FRANCIS CARTER and Mrs. MARTHA HUBBARD, both of Abbott's Creek Township.

DIED.

In this place, on Tuesday evening, Mrs. ADELIA SWAIM, daughter of Francis Mickey, aged about 27 years.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$ 90 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	00 to 65
Oats, " "	45 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred	2 25 to 2 50
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	0 00 to 0 65
Peas, (white,) " "	90 00 to 0 0
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	90 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 0 00
Pork	8 00 to 9 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	12 to 00
Butter, per pound	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 08
Beeswax, " "	00 to 30
Flax Seed, per bushel	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	50 to 60
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 30
Cabbage, per pound	00 to 00
Chickens, per dozen	2 00 to 3 00
Hay, per hundred	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to 00

Win

LIFE.

A baby in its mother's arms,
A little girl with various charms;
A tender maiden, young and fair,
A lover with his nut-brown hair,
A woman married with so much care;
A mother with a darling child,
A mother with tender looks and mild;
An old lady with a wrinkled brow,
A newly dug grave in the frosted ground,
Sighing winds with a murmuring sound—
"Such is life."

—*Springfield Republican.*

HOW THEY CAME HOME.

It was not much like a wedding—that is, a happy one. It was in the old stone house on Quackatog Hill, where the Palmers had lived time out of mind; one generation after another moving out to the graveyard a little higher on the hillside, where the long grass waved and nearly hid the tombstones of John, or Daniel, as the case might be—and Hannah, "His wife," and Lois, his wife, and Abigail, his wife.

It was a good omen that the sun shone—the hills and valleys in front of the old homestead were golden-green in its rays, and the water of the Sound fairly glistened toward far-away Block Island.

Through the windows of the parlor came the smell of mignonette and the old fashioned Southern wood. No flowers had been gathered to make the wedding gay, but the nasturtiums crawling all over the old stone wall tossed their bright heads and looked in while Elder Howe made of this wain one flesh.

None but the elder had good wishes for Mary Palmer and Robert Churchill except, indeed, little lame Danny, who had been his sister's pet, and who clung to her hand. They were well matched in appearance. Mary, with a fair, refined face, down which some very bitter and unbridelike tears were stealing, and Robert, with clear, honest eyes and the broad chin that betokens strength and decision of character.

What was the trouble? It was the love of money. As young Churchill had no farm, present or prospective, he was in old Daniel Palmer's mind no match for his daughter. Then, too, his father had been poor. "Never had no faculty for gitting ahead," Grandpa Palmer said; so when he died, soon followed by his wife, the boy was left with only enough to give him a good common-school education, and take care of him until he could take care of himself, for which he early showed a disposition.

Mary and Robert had been lovers from childhood; hand in hand they had gone to school, long summer afternoons they had spent gathering blueberries in the rocky pastures, and their engagement might have developed into the old-fashioned twenty-years' waiting had it not been for the appearance on the stage of old Peter Stanton, who, having mourned two months for his second wife, thought Mary Palmer a good one to succeed her.

As he was strongly favored by the family, poor Mary's life was made miserable, until Robert, who could illy endure seeing her unhappy, or the contempt with which he was treated, proposed that they should marry immediately, and was so determined that he carried the day, old Daniel granting that they might be married in his house, but declaring that no darter of his who would rather marry a beggar than a well-to-do man should have a cent of his money. No wedding preparations were made, and Mary, putting in order her few dresses, and remembering that when her sister married the stupid son of a neighboring farmer that much was given her, and all helped, felt bitterly that she was unjustly treated.

They were to go to a neighboring village for a week, and, as the wagon which was to take them to the depot rattled up to the door, the father strode moodily away. George, the "ne'er-do-well" son in whom the heart of the mother was bound, had not honored the marriage with his presence. Mary, leaving a good-bye for him, and kissing the others, turned to her mother, and flung her arms round her neck. "Oh! mother," she said, "you will be glad to see me when I come back—won't you?" For a moment the mother's lips trembled, and she kissed her daughter warmly; then, hardening again, she said: "Of course, Mary, we shall be glad to see you, but as you have made your bed you must lie in it. You could have pleased us all." Mary turned, and with one hand held by her husband and the other by her faithful little brother, went down the walk and out of the gate. It was years before she entered it again, then, laying her hand upon it, there came vividly back the feeling of being shut out from home by a flaming sword.

When a few miles from home these young people began to talk of their future. As Mary said "When we go back—" Robert gayly interrupted her, "But will we go back; why need we go back, Mary?" And as she looked bewildered, he continued: "I have thought much about it. They have been unkind and unjust to us. With my best efforts it will be years before I can make a home for you as good as the one I have taken you from, and if I fail it would be to hear 'I told you so' on all sides. Let us go away from them all and fight the battle of life. Others have succeeded; why cannot we?"

"But where shall we go?" faltered Mary.

"Go? Where shall we go? The world is wide, and it is mine oyster. Are we such dull knives—oh, I forgot Elder Howe made us one—that we cannot open it? Here is a railway-guide; let us open and decide. Through train to Chicago. Well, let us go to Chicago; perhaps there will be room for just one more couple. I have a hundred dollars; it won't go far, but we are young and well, and I will succeed."

"And I," sighed Mary, "have a ten dollar gold-piece that grandma gave me for a lucky penny. She said she should have left me her money if I had married a 'likely man.'"

"Let us hope," said Robert, with a happy laugh, "that I shall be likely not to need her money. And whether we go back or not let us promise each other that we will never ask help from your people. We will starve first! But this momentous question of our life must be decided soon, and you must decide it, my darling, for you have all the sacrifices to make. I have my world with me—in you."

Mary turned her face toward the window and thought intently. She thought of the separation from all friends and scenes dear to her; then of the future when they might look scornfully upon her husband. But a few moments passed before she looked into the honest eyes that awaited her decision and said quietly: "We will go."

The morning of the second day they left the car that carried almost a home for them and went out into the busy streets of Chicago, amid whose bustling crowds they felt as isolated as though they were in a desert. During a hurried breakfast at a restaurant Robert studied "The Room to Rent" column of the *Tribune* and they were soon in search of an abiding-place. After climbing more stairs than many thought had ever been built, they found two rooms on the fifth floor of a building on North Clark street. The rent was low and the landlord made promises, fair to the outward ear, of improvements. The rooms were very dirty, but Mary noticed that the sunlight came brightly in through east and south windows.

Then again into the shops to buy the cheapest bed, a little cooking-stove, small table and two chairs—one a large wicker that Robert thought would hold both—and a sewing-chair for Mary. Then dishes of a common dark-blue ware, that Mary said might, at a very great distance, be mistaken for Sevres.

These were tired eyes that opened upon discolored walls and dirty floors the next morning, and both at heart felt that the battle of life had indeed begun; but Robert soon hurried away in search of a position, and Mary, with broom and scrub-brush, began the work of cleaning. Think of it, you young wives, who, after superintending the fine trousseaus and gay weddings, go on a bridal tour to Europe; but do not make the mistake of thinking happiness dependent upon luxurious surroundings. Robert thought when he opened the door and found the walls of the room a soft cream color, the woodwork, floors and windows shining with cleanliness, the latter curtained with cheap cheese-cloth drawn back with red ribbon and filled with scarlet geraniums, mignonette, trailing ivies and nasturtium—that no home could be as dear and lovely as his, with Mary at the head of it; and she thought home, and friends, and the world well lost for love of him.

But now came the troubulous times and dark days. The small sum they had expended for their furniture had greatly lessened their little capital. The ten-dollar piece was the lucky penny, not to be used until an absolute necessity demanded. Every day Robert walked until footsore in search of a place. A fatality seemed to attend his efforts; places were filled just as he reached them; advertisements were unanswered. One firm for which he worked a month failed, and he received no money. He obtained several small jobs, but they paid very little, and he began to feel, as unsuccessful people do, that there was no room in the world for him, and to grow thin and pale with anxiety. Throughout all Mary was cheerful and hopeful.

So the months went on, and one night, as they sat in the wicker-chair, the moonlight streaming in at the windows, and they almost as far above and away from the rest of the world as though swung in a balloon in the sky, Robert said: "Well, dear, the larder is empty; that means that old second-hand ice-box—and the money is gone; unless we use the lucky penny we shall have to dine with Duke Humphrey in future."

After Robert went away to look for work the next morning Mary followed him on the same errand. For several days she went from place to place seeking unsuccessfully for work, until at last she was given a place in a dressmaker's shop where she would be paid a dollar a day. She was reflecting with gratitude that upon this small amount they could live, and be independent, when Robert rushed in, flung his hat in the air, and declared that their fortunes were made. He had a place in the office of a Mr. Love at $50 a month. "You were right, Mary, it was the unlucky old penny. I paid it away in paying the rent, and now we are all right. But the business? Oh! Mr. Love is on the board of trade; deals in hogs and lard."

"But if you are there, won't you gamble away our bread and dinner?" laughingly asked Mary.

"Well, I don't think I shall speculate heavily on what is left of $50, after the living is paid, but I will promise not to at all—until you say I may."

As Mary laid awake that night for pure joy over their brightened prospects, she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to tell Robert of her engagement to go to work the next morning. She concluded not to tell him; it would only dampen his happiness, and she must keep her word and go, if only for a few weeks. Then, too, she had a plan for their anniversary, and this would enable her to execute it. There could be no wrong in such a secret.

At Christmas-time Mary wrote home, and sent some little gifts to each, but the only answer was from little Danny, who wrote that all were well, but that George had done something "bad," and that father was very angry; "but I love you best of all, my dear sister, and send my love to my brother." After the holidays there came into this clear sky some more clouds. Robert worked early and late, often until late in the night. He grew moody and thoughtful, and finally asked Mary to give him back his promise not to speculate.

"If I trust you, can you trust yourself?" she asked.

"I'll try for a while," he said, but the late hours and abstracted manner still continued, and Mary was glad, although it was their first separation, when he was sent into the country by the firm for a week.

It was near their anniversary, and she gave up the place, and devoted the time and money to making their home more comfortable. She rented a small adjoining room for a kitchen—the bare walls and floor of parlor and dining-room had long been an eyesore to her. Now they were prettily papered and carpeted. In the parlor was a large, handsome rug, a folding-bed, soft lounge, chairs, a table with a pretty cover made by Mary during some of the lonely evenings she had spent, full lace curtains, and upon the walls bookshelves, and, with some pretty engravings, the portrait of Robert's mother nicely framed, and a photograph of the old house on the hill. Through the curtained door of the dining-room could be seen the neat table, for which she had prepared a dinner as much like their vision of Duke Humphrey's as possible, and at Robert's plate lay his anniversary present—a plain gold wedding-ring like her own.

Many times Mary walked through the rooms thinking how pretty and home-like they looked before Robert came; then it was with such a slow step, and he was so pale and heavy-looking that she was frightened. He admired everything in a forced sort of way, but at dinner could eat nothing, and his hands trembled.

"It is no use, Mary, I cannot eat; I must tell you. Come over on this grand new lounge. I cannot have you so far from me while I tell you what I can hardly believe myself."

"Go on, Robert, and tell me," faltered Mary. "We can bear it I am sure."

"Bear it! You dear little goose—it is nothing bad—it is so good it has nearly turned my brain. You know I have been working extra hours, and at night it was for extra pay, and when I got it I took my life in my hand and went to Mr. Love. I told him I had the dearest little wife in the world—who had left all for me—I wanted to give her as good a home as the one I had taken her from. I could do it if he would tell me what to do with what I held in my hand—it was very little.

"He looked at me a moment and said he would. Think of it, Mary. That man, with all those vast interests at stake, to consider a poor beggar like me. They talk against him for running corners. I just hope he and his whole family will be prospered all their lives. I came in town yesterday evening. He told me to sell lard, I sold it all day long; last night we worked all night in the office. To-day I sold lard until noon, when he told me to buy it. To-night the deal was closed out, and oh! Mary," said the poor fellow, crying like a child with excitement, "the result is $8,000 to our credit. And what does that mean for us? It means a good home for you, Mary—it means something for a rainy day for you—it means a business for me—it means that Danny shall come to us to be educated; and it is all the work of that good man. No wonder his name is Love—for he loves his fellow-men and helps them."

When a little calmer Robert took from his pocket a case. "I forgot; here is your anniversary present," and opening it she saw beautiful diamond earrings.

"For me! and to wear on the fifth floor of a Clark street boarding-house! Robert, you are insane."

"I think I am a little wild—but you have been so sweet and patient—I would like to jewel the very tongue that has only uttered words of encouragement."

"Then, indeed," hysterically laughed Mary, "I should have to dine with Duke Humphrey."

The next day was Sunday, and no more thankful hearts ever entered a church than these. Going home through the quiet streets that lovely June morning they met two portly and well-to-do citizens, one of whom said: "The whole effect of the corner business is demoralizing." "Yes," answered the other, "bad, bad for every one." Two pair of happy eyes met each other's sympathetically, and a soft voice murmured out: "I say, blessed be the lard corner!"

Six years afterward Mr. and Mrs. Robert Churchill revisited their home, the fame of Mr. Churchill as a successful business man having preceded him. He received the warmest kind of a welcome, and his two pretty children, and their sweet and gracious mother, her dresses and her diamonds, won unqualified admiration. They appeared to concern themselves very little about it, acting like a pair of lovers, and going again together through the fields to the old schoolhouse.

One evening, as Mary waited in the parlor of the old stone house for her husband, Grandma Palmer said: "Mary, I never thought your husband would turn out such a likely man. He is a good deal better than George, who took all that money, and your father had to sell this old house, that the Palmers had lived in so many hundred years, to pay it. I am going to leave you my money."

"Yes," said her father, who sat near with his wife, "we were hard on you, Mary, and I have been sorry."

"Grandma," replied Mary, "you were unjust to my husband, for he was good. I could hardly forgive it. We do not need your money. Give it to your niece, Phebe Stillman, and let her marry the man she has loved so long, and do not worry about the house; when it was sold Robert bought it, and, when father and mother do not need it, Danny shall have it; it will stay in the family at least one generation longer. And, father," she said, turning toward him with an expression unusual to her, and in which the shrewd eyes of the old man saw his own pride and strong will mirrored, "I am sorry, too, but most sorry for you. You hurt me more than you knew. You sent me out of my home; and now my life is so complete and happy that I do not need it; but it has taught me a lesson. Danny's and my children's home shall always be the dearest place to them. We cannot afford to lose the love of our children in our old age, can we, Robert?" and, stretching out her hand to him, they stood where, seven years before, they were married. They had gone forth weeping, but had returned bringing their sheaves with them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How to Tell Good Eggs.

A good egg will sink in water.

Stale eggs are glassy and smooth of shell.

A fresh egg has a lime-like surface to its shell.

The boiled eggs that adhere to the shell are fresh laid.

Eggs packed in brine for a long time smell and taste musty.

Thin shells are caused by lack of gravel, etc., among the laying hens.

A boiled egg that is done will dry quickly on the shell after taken from the kettle.

After an egg has been laid a day or more the shell comes off easily when boiled.

Eggs that have been packed in lime look stained, and show the action of the lime on the surface.

If an egg is clear and golden in appearance when held to the light it is good; if dark and spotted it is bad.

The badness of an egg may sometimes be told by shaking it near the holder's ear, but the test is a dangerous one.

With the aid of the hands a piece of paper rolled in funnel shape and held toward the light, the human eye can look through an egg, shell and all.

The Gradual Cooling of the Earth.

In a "Treatise on Natural Philosophy," by Professors Sir W. Thomson and P. G. Tait, Sir W. Thomson, speaking of an opinion advanced by Sir Charles Lyell, respecting the possible maintenance of the earth's heat without change throughout countless ages, used words which, says *Knowledge*, may be applied without change of a word to the stupendous theory advanced by Sir C. Siemens not so very long since—such an idea of a practically endless cycle "violates the principles of natural philosophy in exactly the same manner, and to the same degree, as to believe that a clock constructed with a self-winding movement may fulfill the expectations of its ingenious inventor by going forever." The earth is necessarily cooling from century to century; her volcanic energies are certainly diminishing, as certainly, to use an illustration of Sir W. Thomson's, as the quantity of gunpowder in a "monitor" is diminishing when, hour after hour, she is seen to discharge shot and shell, whether at a nearly equable rate or not, without receiving fresh supplies of ammunition.

The "peen-to," or flat peach of China, is revolutionizing peach culture in Florida. It is flat like a biscuit.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A crocodile shuts its jaws with a force of 1,540 pounds.

It is said that 2,450 watches are manufactured in this country every working day in the year.

There is a man in Bucksport, Me., whose name is Esrom Morse, whether spelled backward or in the usual way.

The Arabs used butter in early times, but the Greeks and Romans were content with oil, and it is not mentioned as food by Galen, who wrote in the second century.

The white perch of the Ohio are noted for the musical sounds they make. The sound is much like that produced by a silk thread placed in a window where the wind blows across it.

There is a place in Ceylon called the world's end. You stand on the edge of a plateau and look over a precipice 5,000 feet in height. If you tumble, you tumble about a mile. One step will do the business.

Aaron Glover, a Sumter county (Ga.,) negro, does not perspire like any other man. The left side of his face will trickle like a stream while the right is as dry as a bone. Then his body is just the reverse—the right side seems a continual stream, while the left is as dry as a piece of iron lying before a big fire. Aaron enjoys most excellent health.

The most ancient system of weights in the kingdom of England was the moneyer's pound or the money-pound of the Anglo-Saxons, which was continued in use for some centuries after the Conquest, being then known as the "Tower pound," or sometimes the Goldsmith's pound. It contained twelve ounces of 450 grains each, or 5,400 grains, and this weight of silver was a pound sterling. The Tower pound was abolished in 1527 by a statue of Henry VIII., which first established Troy weight as the only legal weight for gold and silver, and from this time to the present our system of coinage has been based on the Troy weight, the Troy pound containing 5,760 grains.

Professor Huxley, in an address at the International fisheries exhibition, pointed out that an acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year. Still more striking was his picture of the moving "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months of every year moves westward and southward past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column of fish contains 120,000,000, consuming when on short rations, no fewer than 840,000,000 of herrings. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herring is needed to keep that area of cod from starving.

Clairvoyance.

Almost every physician, during the course of his professional life, hears stories regarding clairvoyance. Some individual has had a vision or dreamed a dream which is subsequently found to have represented, most marvelously, actual objects or persons that were at the time far away.

An organization in London has been investigating the alleged phenomena of this class, endeavoring to apply scientific methods to their study. The *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review* have at different times published some of the results of this work. Quite recently the latter journal has publish d an article by Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Frederick W. M. Myers, claiming very positively that the mind may at certain times be capable of receiving impressions through other channels than those of the various senses; in other words, that the so-called clairvoyance is an actual physiological fact. As an example of the class of phenomena alleged to be real, we append the following:

"One Sunday night last winter, at 1 A. M., I wished strongly to communicate the idea of my presence to two friends, who resided about three miles from the house where I was staying. When I next saw them, a few days afterward, I expressly refrained from mentioning my experiment; but in the course of conversation one of them said, 'You would not believe what a strange night we spent last Sunday,' and then recounted that both the friends had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was vivid enough to wake them completely, and they both looked at their watches, and found it to be exactly 1 o'clock.' (One of these friends has supplied independent testimony to this circumstance.)"

We have ventured to furnish our readers this account of the work of these gentlemen because of the strong indorsement that has been given to it, and because of its important physiological and pathological significance. If it could be proved that the mind can perceive through other agencies than the senses, it would establish a fact which would antagonize the present physiological theories (based upon evolution) of the development of these senses; for it is now believed that they were developed in order to enable the animal to adapt himself to his environment. They were made by the environment primarily, rather than for it, and in the history of animal evolution there are absolutely no data which enable us to account for the development of a supersensual perceptive power.—*Medical Record.*

Big Prices for Fiddles.

At the recent sale of violins of the late Joseph S. Hulse by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, in London, the following lots realized high prices: Lot 5, a violin by Joseph Guarnerius, 1738, £290; lot 7, a violin by Antonius Stradivarius, 1687, known as the "Spanish Stradivarius," £500; lot 13, a violin by Carlo Bergonzi, £90; lot 41, a violin by Joseph Guarnerius, 1739, £245; lot 104, a violin by Francesco Rugerius, formerly the property of George IV., £330. The gem of the collection was a violoncello by Francesco Rugerius, a grand pattern instrument, formerly the property of George IV., afterward belonging to the Duke of Cambridge, which, after a spirited competition, was knocked down to Mr. Hart for £330.

A Beautiful Three-Legged Colt.

W. R. Polston, of Nashville, Tenn., has a three-legged bay colt, which is now over a year old, and of which the *American* says: Excepting the fact that he possesses one leg less than other members of his species, he is a perfectly formed animal. When the writer saw him he was hopping around Mr. Polston's back yard, and resented an interference with his long tail by kicking vigorously and with as much grace and precision as an old mule. The entire left fore-shoulder and leg of this remarkable animal is missing, the only effort which nature seems to have made to supply this want being a bone something in the shape of a seal's fin, and about the same size.

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.

THE CRUEL WAY OF EXECUTING ROYAL PERSONS IN BURMAH.

Clubbing the Princesses Across the Throat and the Princes Across the Neck—Death Without Bloodshed—"Common Killing."

We make the following extract from a letter sent from Burmah to the Philadelphia *Press:* I asked my companion whether many executions took place here now, and he replied: "There have been none for several weeks, because the palace intrigues have kept everybody in authority too busy scheming, plotting and planning to allow them to get up a public execution; but not many months ago I saw a band of a score or more men and women murdered on this sanguinary hillock. Some of the victims had royal blood in them, and they were not butchered in the common way. Imagine to yourself a princess charmingly dressed in silks and jewels, with flowers intertwined in her jet-black hair, being pushed or goaded up this hill. The crowd of spectators clustered in the rice-fields there, or, perched upon the roofs of the houses you see peeping forth among the mango trees over against our extreme right, set up a shout. It is not a shout of pity or mercy. It is merely one of holiday excitement. It is like the murmur you might hear once at Newgate when the felon appeared upon the scaffold, or in the Place de Greve when the victim's head was laid on the block beneath the guillotine. The sun is pouring down its brightest rays, which appear to concentrate with their greatest brightness on this hillock. One executioner unbinds the girl's raven hair, throws the pretty flowers away, twists a tress of it round his hands, and pulls her head violently backward. Another executioner grasps a bamboo bludgeon with both hands. One, two, three! He swings it in the air, and down it falls upon that outstretched throat. One, two, three! and again it strikes the poor, gasping victim on the same place. The body falls lifeless, though still quivering. The princess is dead. Her body is cast aside disdainfully.

"Then look at this other group of men hustling a handsome young Burmese in their midst—hauling at him, tugging at him, to get him to the summit of the mound. He also is of royal blood. Pride of race and that disregard for death which buoys up your true Buddhist as strongly as does the fatalism of the Wahabee, preserves equanimity in his deportment. He has flung something away over among the crowd. It is only his cheroot. He has done with it, and long before the brown urchin who has picked it up will have blown the last embers from it, the spark of life of its original owner will have joined the elements, and one more Buddhist soul will have started off on its vast career of transmigration. See, he stands there cool and collected, his profile a clear, dark outline against the unclouded sky. A high cheek-boned executioner seizes his long black hair in front and pulls his head forward until his chin adjoins his breast. The second executioner spits on his hands, grasps his bamboo club firmly, and—whish! whish! the bludgeon hisses through the air and falls on the nape of the neck of the victim. He falls forward on his face, the first executioner still holding on the hair. A second blow on the back of the neck, while the man lies prostrate, settles the matter. An experienced touch on the red and bruised neck tells the executioner that the vertebra is broken and that life has fled. Once more the body is spurned aside, and more victims are dragged up the hill. But these latter are only common victims and are killed in a common way."

I venture to ask my friend what he calls common killing. He explains: "According to the Burmese law royal blood must not be shed. This injunction is literally obeyed, for while the women are clubbed across the throat and the men across the neck, no blood is spilt. The common people may be executed in any way. On the morning of which I speak the common people were hacked by a Burmese with a short sword until their heads rolled off. It was a terrible spectacle, but I saw no sign of horror among the spectators. Executions in Independent Burmah are too common, and have been for centuries, to excite much public feeling. Every man, woman and child knows that their turn may come next, just as they happen to encounter the displeasure of some high official. Come, let us be moving onward, or these vultures will think we have come here to provide them with a feast."

Origin of State Fairs.

The present system of fairs and cattle shows originated with Elkanah Watson, an Albany merchant, about 1810. His application to Boston for guarantee funds was met by ex-President Adams with a terse rebuff: "You will get no aid from Boston. Commerce, literature, theology, medicine, the university and university politics are all against you." Nevertheless the more liberal legislature of New York in 1819 appropriated $10,000 a year for six years, to be divided among its counties for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures. In 1818, several months before the passage of this act, several of the most prominent citizens of Washington county met in the court-house at Sandy Hill and organized a county agricultural society. The first recorded fair was held in Salem in 1822, with entries for premiums, a plowing match, "plowmen in white frocks," and an address delivered in the church. Fairs on a less scale had been held every year before this in Argyle, Greenwich, Hebron, Granville, Whitehall and Kingsbury. The prizes were small and the rewards scanty. The whole awards numbered scarcely 100.

Petrified Forest.

Says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise:* Andy Fife, while prospecting for wood up along the Colorado river, informs the Pioche *Record* that he came upon a petrified forest on the Arizona side of the river. He says it is located in the Buckskin mountains, near where the river cuts through the range, and he should judge it was over 300 acres in extent. There are petrified trees twenty inches in diameter. There is not a bush on this area that is not petrified; the sage-brush and grass being all turned to stone.

An old butcher way out in Missouri,
With neuralgia he suffered like fury,
St. Jacobs Oil banished
The pain which all vanished—
And prevented a coroner's jury.

A cranky old man named Blake,
Says St. Jacobs Oil "takes the cake."
He gave it one test,
And says its the best
Cure in the world for backache.

Thirty-four men in Uvalde county Texas, own $200,000 worth of sheep apiece.

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed by Three Important Interviews.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred:

"That article of yours, doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly open in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good-day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, considering that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly, and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishops Haven and Peck, and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example in this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids he had provided a vial, the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys, and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown, even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe, then, that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty, I thought there was little hope, and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying, 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"And this cause you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it, and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach, and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drugstore and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements, and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State board of health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good it would do you.

The courts have decided that swearing through the telephone is sufficient ground for the removal of the instrument from the place where it has been misused.

Queen Victoria is four feet eight inches high. Prince Albert was fifteen inches taller.

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on my leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours, WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD is the youngest major-general in the army.

Paralytic strokes, heart disease and kidney affections prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

WASHINGTON Territory promises to raise great quantities of hops.

Wrecks of Humanity.

Who have wasted their manly vigor and powers by youthful follies and pernicious practices pursued in solitude, inducing nervous debility, impaired memory, mental anxiety, despondency, lack of self-confidence and will power, weak back, involuntary vital losses and kindred weaknesses, should address with three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving unfailing means of cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

OVER one million people in France live in houses that have no windows.

WADLEY, Ga.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

THE colored Baptists of TEXAS have 838 churches with a congregation of 61,788.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

NEW YORK is numerically the greatest Catholic city in the world.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

PANTALOONS will be worn longer in September than in July—one day longer.

Do you ever have acute pains in your left breast extending to your arms, do you ever have suffocating feelings in region of your heart? If so, you have heart disease. Use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, a sure specific. $1 per bottle.

THERE are now over 700 miles of underground telegraph lines in France.

Thousands testify to the merits of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for heart disease in all forms. It is known from Maine to California. Give it a trial for those distressed feelings.

THE Munich Academy of Art has among its 408 students thirty-four Americans.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

Gastrine.

This elegant preparation has been on sale since 1868, and is recommended for loss of appetite and general debility. Removes all unpleasant feelings after eating. Druggists.

For Thick Heads.

Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—antibilous, cathartic. 10-25c

We Advise It.

If your hair is thin and falling out, if you are becoming prematurely bald, if your hair is dry and sickly, use Carboline, the great natural Hair Restorer. One dollar a bottle.

The button-holes of Chrolithion collars and cuffs are made so they will not tear out like other kinds.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer restores health, vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1

THE most comfortable boot in town is that with Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

A Remarkable Tribute.

Sidney Ourchundro, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I have used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs many years, with the most gratifying results. The relieving influence of Hall's Balsam is wonderful. The pain and rack of the body, incidental to a tight cough, soon disappear by the use of a spoonful according to directions. My wife always sends for Hall's Balsam instead of a physician."

Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters

is the oldest and best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the Stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime l w	8	@	10
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6	@	7
Sheep	4	@	6¼
Lambs	6	@	7½
Hogs—Live	5	@	6
Dressed, city	7¾	@	8¼
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 30	@	6 00
West. good to choice	4 45	@	7 20
Wheat—No 2 Red	1 14	@	1 16
No. 1 White	1 10	@	1 10¼
Rye—State	64	@	69
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@	90
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	49	@	61
Yellow South